

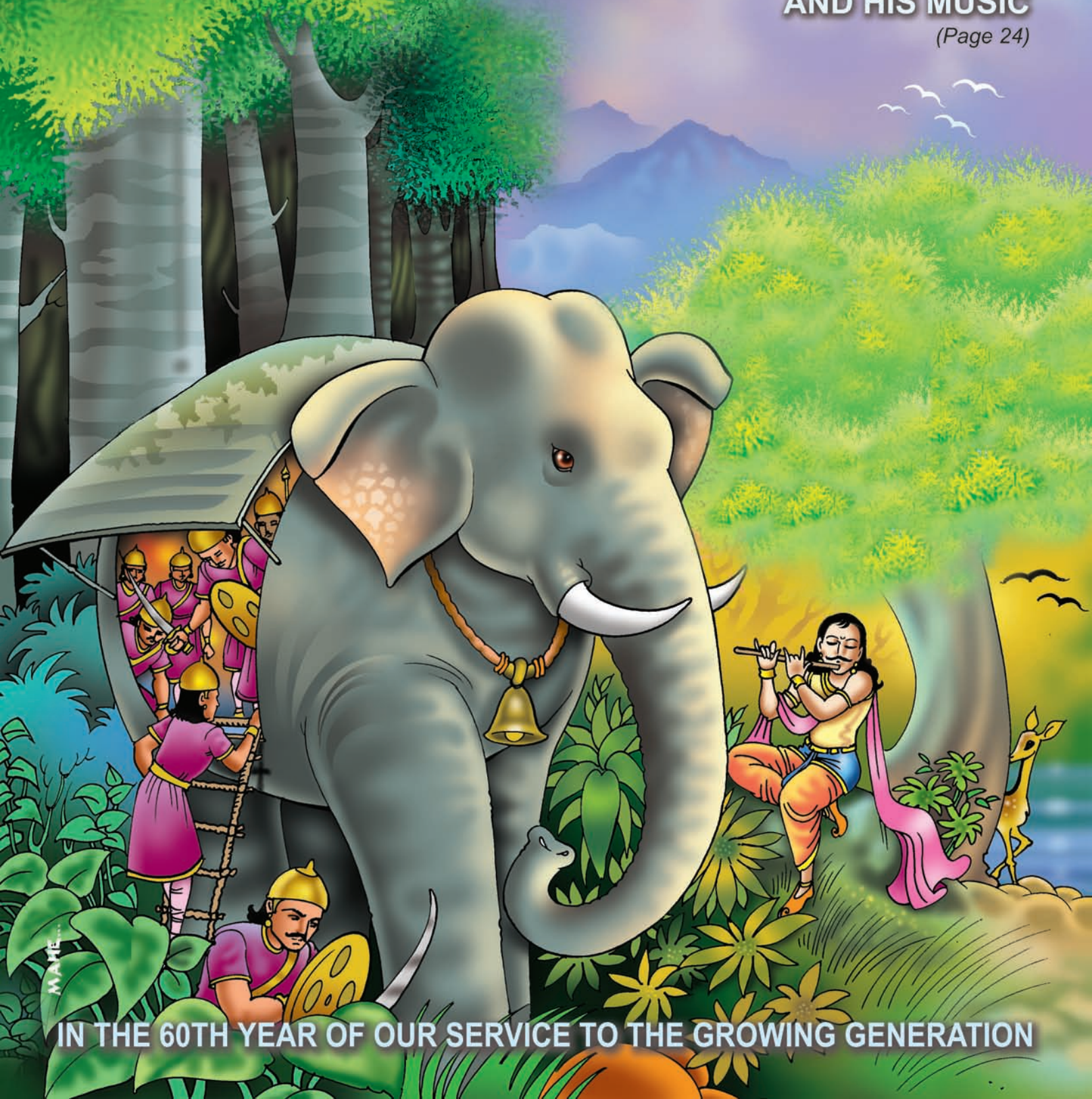


August 2006 Rs. 15/-

# CHANDAMAMA

KING UDAYANA  
AND HIS MUSIC

(Page 24)



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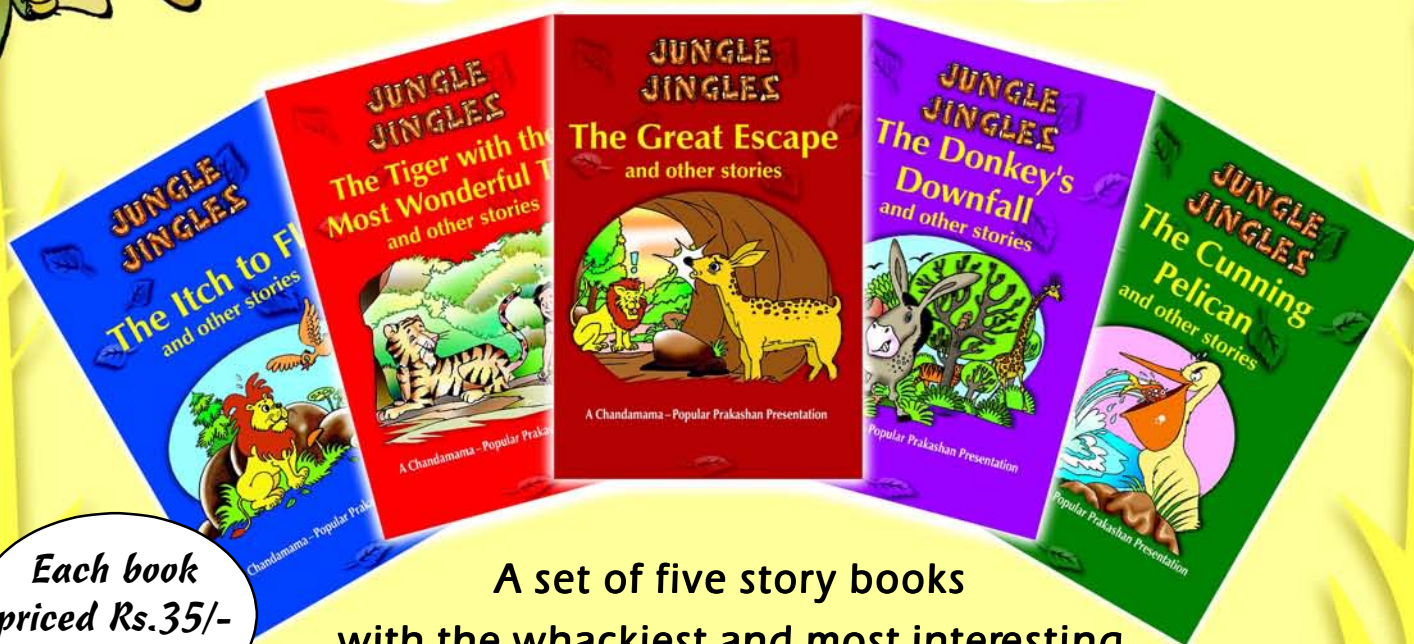
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*Chandamama* expresses condolences to the families of those who lost their lives in the terrorist attacks in Mumbai and Srinagar, and assures solidarity with those who, despite injuries, showed indomitable courage in facing the challenge thrown against the country.





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# NEED TO SAFEGUARD FREEDOM

**Y**ear 1947. Independent India had just been born. In one of its first editorials the same year, *Chandamama* spelt out its objective: to bring about national integration through common thought, to promote national pride among children, and to help them appreciate the country's cultural heritage of thousands of years. The founder-editor exhorted the young readers to commit themselves to safeguard the hard-won freedom.

At the end of 59 years, *Chandamama* once again appeals to the growing generation to look at the country beyond their personal and religious loyalties; reminds them that they are to grow as dutiful citizens of this great nation. We should not gauge the progress the country has made by the material prosperity of our cities. The basic criterion should be whether there is internal peace and harmony.

According to the national statistics, nearly 35 per cent of the population comprises children up to 15 years. Another 10 to 15 per cent comprises youth between 15 and 19 years. This youth power should weed out all evils affecting society. If this group can take pride in building the nation, India will be an example for other developing nations to follow. They can really provide a new dimension to freedom which our founding fathers had earned by sacrificing their lives.

*Chandamama* salutes them all!

The world has narrowed into a neighbourhood before it has  
broadened into a brotherhood. - **Lyndon B. Johnson**

Physical weakness is not the real weakness; weakness of the  
mind alone is the real weakness. - **Mahatma Gandhi**

Peace is not merely a distant goal that we seek,  
but a means by which we arrive at that goal.

- **Martin Luther King Jr**

Visit us at : <http://www.chandamama.org>





**By e-mail from Khushbu, Patna :**

Congratulations on entering 60th year of publishing! I am an avid reader. Keep carrying interesting stories.

**From reader V.K. Bhargava  
New Delhi :**

Your July 2006 issue says that you have been publishing the magazine since July 1947 and you are about to complete 60 years of publication. Kindly accept my heartiest congratulations. I am reading *Chandamama* since my childhood. In 1948 I was 10 years young and was living in Jaipur. Now I am 68 and still reading the magazine with the same interest.

**This came from  
Headmistress Khapare Chaya of  
Sagar, Karnataka**

We note with pleasure that *Chandamama* is celebrating its 60th anniversary. I personally congratulate you on your splendid and glorious contribution to the all round development of the younger generation. This valued contribution has been recognised by the Infosys Foundation.

**Reader M.P.Ramya Raveendran  
Chennai, writes:**

*Chandamama* is very captivating. I am now in the 10th standard. I think the English knowledge that I acquired from *Chandamama* will stand in good stead when I write the public examination.



# MAIL BAG

**This came from reader  
P.V.Sreenivas Rao, Hyderabad:**

I have been reading *Chandamama* since my childhood. I currently read Telugu, Sanskrit and English editions every month. In fact, I have a collection of old serials like Veer Hanuman and Mahabharata. I notice that the English edition is carrying serials like Golden Valley, Golden Throne, Adventures of Ulysses and Ashoka the Great and they are published simultaneously in other languages. But there is no translation of Yashaparatnam, Rathi Radham and other serials. Readers of the English edition are denied of these wonderful stories.

Why this discrimination?

**By e-mail from Prasangh Goyal :**

I am 8 years old. I liked the new comics "The Fearless Four" and the Arabian Nights.





NEW TALES  
OF KING  
VIKRAM AND  
THE VETALA

# A QUESTION OF PROFESSION

**T**he cremation ground presented an eerie spectacle on that dark night. The moon was hidden behind the clouds, and it was drizzling intermittently. The pitch darkness was relieved only by occasional flashes of lightning that lit up the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground.

Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some invisible evil spirit cut into the silence that hung like a shroud over the area. King Vikram once again, made his way to the gnarled tree from which the ancient corpse was hanging.

Oblivious to everything but the mission on hand, he brought the hanging corpse down by cutting the rope with his sword. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O king! You are the monarch of a vast kingdom; as such, you should be attending to your administrative duties instead of wandering about in a cremation ground. In the pursuit of some obscure goal, how could you forget your true calling? You remind me of Deviprasad, a youth who took to a certain profession with a distinct goal in mind. However, he became so obsessed with his profession that he lost sight of his goal!"

The vampire then narrated the following tale.

Lakshmidas was a prosperous diamond merchant of Bhogpur. He had three sons. While the elder two helped him in his business, the youngest Deviprasad was not at all interested in business. His great passion in life was literature, and he would spend all his time reading and composing poetry.

A well-known poet lived in that town. He held poetry appreciation sessions at his house almost every evening. Deviprasad was a regular participant. He would read out





his poetry and critically assess the works of others. His creativity, erudition, and eloquence attracted the admiration of his listeners. Among them was Vimala. She, too loved poetry. She and Deviprasad often had animated discussions, which eventually paved the way for a close friendship.

Vimala informed Deviprasad that her father, Dhaniram, was a wealthy trader of Jaganpur. However, he had taken ill. As advised by his physician, he had come away to the more salubrious environs of Bhogpur. Vimala had accompanied her father to take care of him.

One day, Vimala said, "My father is now fully cured. So, we're returning to Jaganpur tomorrow."

Deviprasad was stunned for a moment. "Vimala, I have just realised that I cannot live without you. Will you marry me?"

Vimala blushed. "First you get the consent of your parents; then, you must ask them to approach my father to discuss the alliance."

At first, Deviprasad considered taking up the matter with his parents right away. Then, he thought it would be improper when his elder brothers were still unmarried.

Meanwhile, Lakshmidas had to travel to Jaganpur on business. There, he ran into his childhood friend, Jagat Lal, who was a very rich merchant. He invited him home. There, he met his friend's three daughters, who impressed him deeply with their courteous manners, cultured outlook, and dignified bearing. He complimented Jagat Lal on having brought them up so well. Jagat Lal laughed and said, "Although I haven't met your sons, I can imagine that they would naturally take after you in good nature. Since you admire my daughters so much, would you like to make them your daughters-in-law?"

"I should be delighted to do so," answered Lakshmidas earnestly, "but the youngsters must first meet, don't you think so?"

"That would only be proper, but I'm afraid our towns are so far apart that arranging a meeting and then conducting the weddings would be a time-consuming task! My daughters will abide by my decision; I've no doubt your sons will do likewise for you. So, you go ahead and discuss the matter with them. If everyone agrees, we can go ahead with the preparations."

Lakshmidas rushed back to Bhogpur. There he sought out his sons and told them all that had happened. His two elder sons had no objections to the marriage. However, Deviprasad unexpectedly threw a spanner into the works by declaring that he wished to marry another girl.

Lakshmidas asked him who the girl was. Deviprasad told him her name. "What! The daughter of Dhaniram of Jaganpur?" he shouted. "Don't you know his and our family are traditional enemies? There can be no question of any matrimonial alliance with that family."

Quietly but firmly, Deviprasad answered, "I'm sorry, father, but I can't do that. I didn't know about the family enmity, but that makes no difference to me. I love Vimala and can't dream of marrying anyone but her."

"In that case," Lakshmidas thundered, "there's no place for you in this house!"

Without a word, Deviprasad walked out of the house, with just the clothes he had on. He went to Jaganpur and told Vimala all that had happened. Vimala was visibly disturbed. "I had no idea of our families' enmity. If this is



true, then my father, too, will never agree to our marriage.”

Deviprasad spiritedly said, “I’ve left my home and family for your sake. You, too, shouldn’t have any misgivings. Defy your parents and walk out of your house.”

But the pragmatic Vimala retorted, “But what will we live on? You’ve no money of your own, nor can you count on your family’s support. The same will be my case if I leave home with you. So, first of all find yourself a job, then we can think of getting married.”

Deviprasad realised that what she said was true. He now started looking for a job. But his search proved futile, as he was not trained for any vocation. Meanwhile, he was literally starving.

At this juncture, a rich man from the nearby Vajrapur took pity on him and said, “Deviprasad, we have no washermen in our village. So, if you take up this job, you can make some money. The villagers would pay you well, and give you food as well.”

Deviprasad’s heart sank at the prospect of taking up this menial job. But having no other option, he agreed. At Vajrapur, he soon established himself as the village washerman. All the people patronised him and his income started increasing.

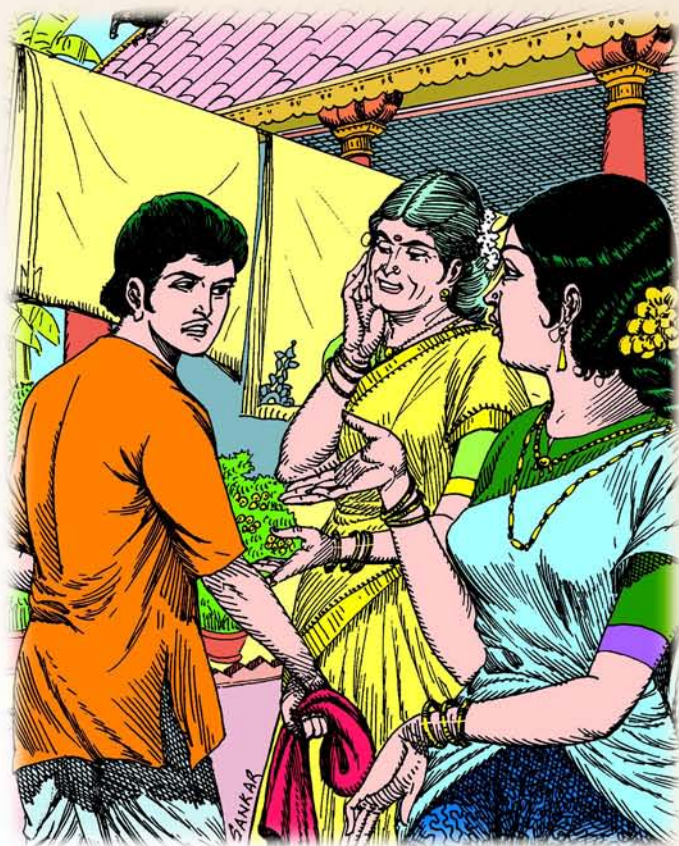
One day, a *sadhu* arrived in the village as the rich man’s guest. His ochre robes were given to Deviprasad to wash. Later, the *sadhu* called Deviprasad and gently admonished him. “Look at the clothes you have washed! My boy, how can you come up in your profession if you work in this half-hearted manner?”

Finding a sympathetic listener, Deviprasad burst into tears and poured out all his woes to the *sadhu*. “I’m not a professional washerman, but I’m doing this job only because there’s no other alternative,” he concluded.

In a compassionate tone, the *sadhu* said, “When you’re doing a job, you must do it with love and care. Only then can you progress in that profession.”

“But I can’t bring myself to love this job,” protested Deviprasad.

“If a job can bring you wealth and position, that is its greatness! The dignity of a job is the dignity of those who perform it. So, take pride in your profession. Learn new techniques and methods and practise them, and try to



improve on your job,” advised the *sadhu*.

Deviprasad took the *sadhu*’s advice to heart. Abandoning his earlier disdain for his job, he began thinking of how he could do it in a better and more efficient way. He went to the *dhobi ghats* in the neighbouring villages to watch other washermen at work and observed the techniques they used. As he could satisfy his customers, more work began coming his way. Gradually, it struck him that old clothes from which the colours had faded would regain their lustre if they are re-dyed. Thus, he started a dyeing centre, which was a great success. He now had to take on hands to help him. Soon, he was running a full-fledged laundry and dyeing unit, which not only provided a service to the villagers but it was a source of income for several youth. He soon became a notable figure of the village.

Meanwhile, Jagat Lal had heard from his friend Lakshmidas all that had happened. One day, he called on Lakshmidas and said, “It is a matter of great sorrow for me that I have been the cause of a rift between you and your son. I’m determined to solve the problem. Vimala’s father Dhaniram is my friend. Whatever family



differences exist between him and you can be sorted out. They shouldn't come in the way of your children's happiness. Dhaniram is ready to forget the old feud. Let's meet Deviprasad and bring him back, so that his wedding with Vimala can take place."

Lakshmidas met Dhaniram and sorted out their differences. Accompanied by their family members and Jagat Lal, they set out for Vajrapur to meet Deviprasad.

Deviprasad received them warmly and in answer to their queries, told them all about how he had struggled to reach his present position. After hearing him out, his mother sighed and said, "No doubt you've acquired wealth and status after much hard work; but we aren't happy with your chosen profession. Remember that you're the son of a diamond merchant!"

Emboldened by this, Vimala, who was standing nearby, piped up, "I too, am not in favour of this profession which calls for menial work. I'm not ready to marry you if you continue in this line. You can choose between me and your work!"

Deviprasad looked at her squarely in the eye and answered, "Listen, then, to my decision. I shall marry only a girl who respects both myself and my profession."

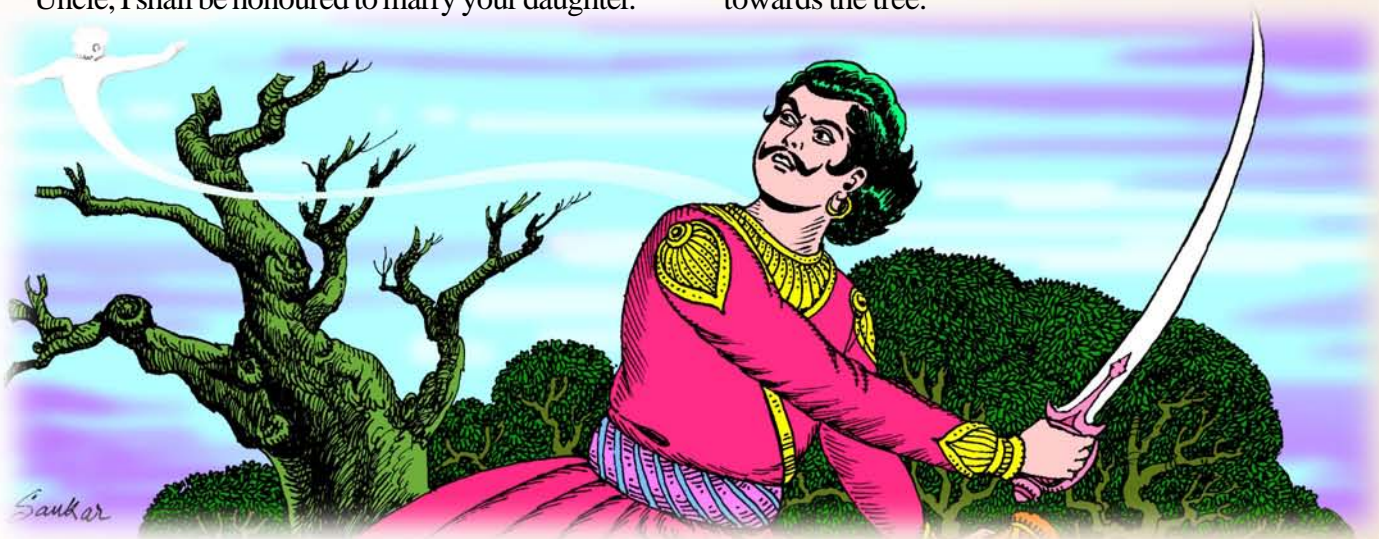
For a moment, there was stunned silence. Then Jagat Lal placed his hand on Deviprasad's shoulder and said, "My son, there is one such girl, who is ready to work shoulder to shoulder with you – my third daughter. Are you ready to marry her?"

Deviprasad bent, touched Jagat Lal's feet and said, "Uncle, I shall be honoured to marry your daughter."

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King, Deviprasad had left his family and the flourishing diamond business for Vimala's sake. His present job as a washerman and dyer was no cakewalk, but involved much labour. When he knew that Vimala did not like it, he could have left it and returned to a life of ease, as a diamond merchant. So, why did he choose to cling on to it, abandoning the very person for whom he had chosen it in the first place? Doesn't this reflect his utter stupidity? If you know the answer, speak out – for, if you choose to keep quiet, your head shall shatter into fragments!"

Without batting an eyelid, King Vikram answered, "Far from being stupid, Deviprasad reveals himself as a wise and mature young man. A profession by itself is not good or bad – it is the man performing it who lends it dignity or infamy by his sincerity or lack of it. This was the lesson Deviprasad had absorbed by the *sadhu*. Despite being condemned as a menial job, the profession of laundering had brought him wealth and honour, and he felt that he had to honour it in turn. Hence the decision to continue with it even at the cost of losing the girl he loved."

On hearing this, the vampire nodded in approval, before going off into peals of thunderous laughter. The next moment, he, along with the corpse, moved off the king's shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree. King Vikram gave a little sigh as he gazed upon the scene. Then, he squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the tree.





# A REVOLT BEFORE A MUTINY

**T**he Mutiny referred to here is the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 which sounded the first deathknell of British colonisation of India. Fifty years before the Mutiny, the Indian soldiers in the British army in Vellore, in south India, revolted which resulted in the killing of more than 200 English soldiers and officers and the reprisal by the army in which nearly 800 Indian soldiers lost their lives. The episode lasted less than 24 hours.

In 1806, the East India Company, which was maintaining an army of Englishmen and Indian sepoys, introduced a dress code for the native recruits. The Hindus among them were prohibited from wearing on their forehead any caste marks, while the Muslims were required to shave off their beards and trim their moustaches. They were also given circular topees, which meant they could not wear the more comfortable turbans.

By May that year, the authorities were aware that the sepoys were unhappy with the dress code. Two of them—a Hindu and a Muslim—who had openly expressed resentment, were given exemplary punishment of 900 lashes each and dismissal from service. Nineteen others were given 500 lashes each and forced to seek pardon.

Following the death of Tipu Sultan in the siege of his capital, Seringapatam, some members of his family had been taken to the Vellore Fort and kept in confinement there. Tipu's second son Fateh Hyder had been in touch with the rebels among the sepoys. On July 9, he was performing the marriage of one of his sisters at the fort. Those sepoys who were plotting a revolt were already inside the fort ready for action.

In the early hours of July 10, the sepoys went on a rampage and fired at the English soldiers and officers. Nearly 300 of them were killed. The sepoys took hold of the fort, pulled down the Union Jack and hoisted Tipu's flag with the insignia of a tiger.

The army brought in reinforcements from the nearby military post in Arcot and led a counter attack. Some 800 sepoys were lined up against the wall of the fort and shot dead. Nearly 20 Indian officers were hanged outside the fort. The revolt was short-lived.

The Mysore family was taken away to Calcutta (now Kolkata); the Madras Governor, Lord William Bentick, was recalled, and the dress code was revoked.

If the dress code was the bone of contention of the Vellore sepoys, fifty years later, it was the cartridges greased with animal fat that provoked the sepoys of Barrackpore to go for a mutiny.



◀ **VELLORE FORT**



**THE FEARLESS  
FOUR - 2**

**TO THE  
RESCUE  
OF  
ANIMALS**

Mithun and his friends Deepak, Anita and Jasmine are on vacation. They are accompanied by a guide. Also Mithun's pet, Jo-jo.



The children enjoy their dinner by the fireside.



While they put out the fire, they hear Jo-jo barking. The children run after the dog. They see a strange light from the hill opposite.



Next morning. The children and the guide set off for the hill.



Sir, will it be difficult to climb the hill? It's quite high.



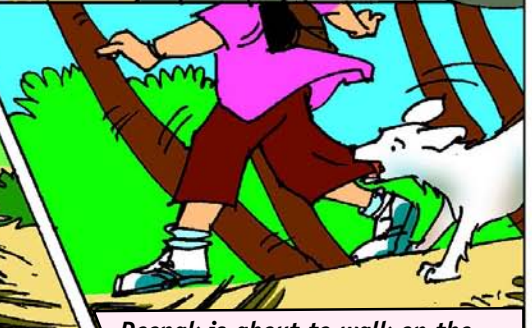
The children climb one after the other.



The guide climbs the hill last.

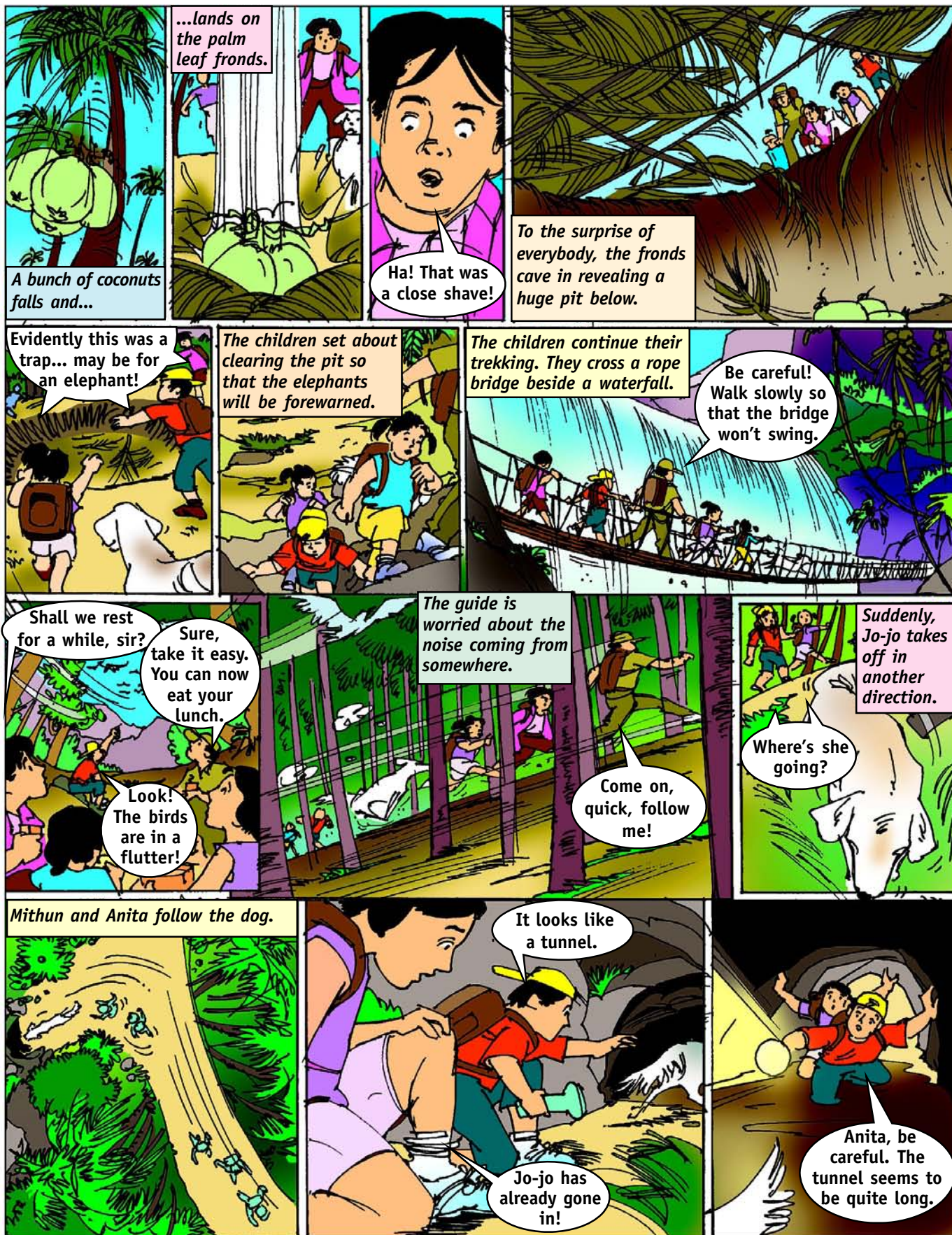


They reach a plateau on top of the hill where a lot of palm leaf fronds are lying scattered all over. There are a few bunches of bananas lying here and there.



Deepak is about to walk on the fronds when Jo-jo tugs at his pants. The boy retreats a few feet.







Mithun and Anita come out of the tunnel. They hear Jo-jo barking.



Jo-jo takes them to a clearing. They find a few men moving about a cage. It is covered with a net.



Wonder what kind of animals are inside.

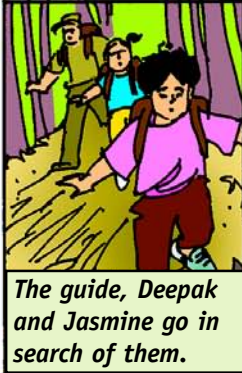
Let's go closer.

Meanwhile...



Sir, Mithun and Anita are missing! Jo-jo too.

Let's search for them.



The guide, Deepak and Jasmine go in search of them.

Suddenly, Deepak starts slipping.



Ho! oh!!

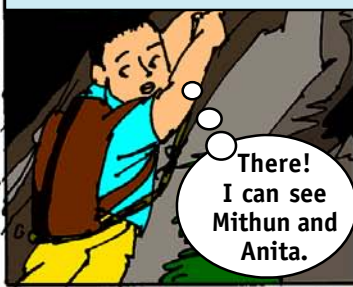


Deepak, careful!



Catch hold of a branch. We're coming.

Deepak catches hold of a branch. From there he gets a view of what is happening down below.



There! I can see Mithun and Anita.

The guide and Mithun, too, reach them.



Look! They seem to have captured some animals.

The guide and the children plan how to rescue the animals. They split and go in different directions.







Jo-jo snaps the ropes of the net.



The children loosen the rope.



They tie a stone at one end of the rope and throw it at the net.



The stone hits the net over the cage.



The children drag the net and it is flung open. The animals, mostly monkeys, jump out.

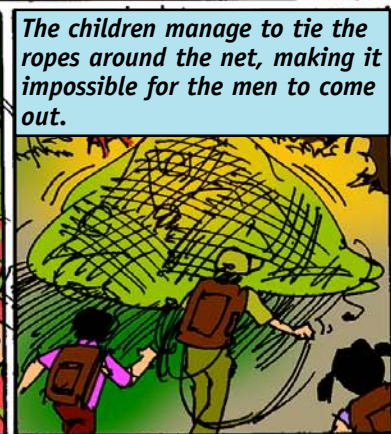


The monkeys throw the net over their captors who are caught inside.

Ho! Ah!  
Ha! Whoa!



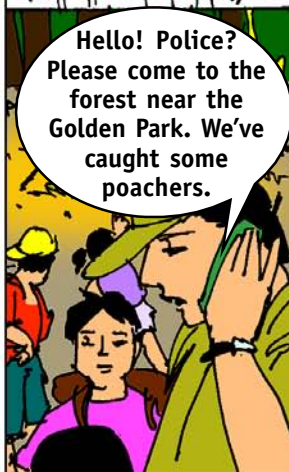
Hey! What's happening? Who are you all?



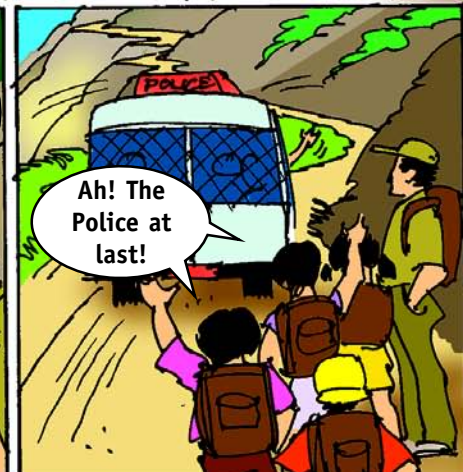
The children manage to tie the ropes around the net, making it impossible for the men to come out.



The guide helps them to cover the entire net. Jo-jo keenly watches the operation.



Hello! Police? Please come to the forest near the Golden Park. We've caught some poachers.



Ah! The Police at last!



The children spend a happy time with the animals who get a good feed from them.

END





From the  
pen of  
**RUSKIN  
BOND**

# TO THE GLACIER

**A**t the end of August, when the rains were nearly over, we met at the pool to make plans for the autumn holidays. We had bathed and were stretched out in the shade of the fresh, rain-washed sal trees, when Kamal, pointing vaguely to the distant mountains, said: 'Why don't we go to the Pindari Glacier?'

'The glacier!' exclaimed Anil. 'But that's all snow and ice!' 'Of course, it is,' said Kamal. 'But there's a path through the mountains that goes all the way to the foot of the glacier. It's only fifty-four miles.'

'Only fifty-four miles! Do you mean we must... walk fifty-four miles?'

'Well, there's no other way,' said Kamal. 'Unless you prefer to sit on a mule. But your legs are too long, they'll be trailing along the ground. No, we'll have to walk. It will take us about ten days to get to the glacier and back, but if we take enough food there'll be no problem. There are dak bungalows to stay in at night.'

'Kamal gets all the best ideas,' I said. 'But I suppose Anil and I will have to get our parents' permission. And some money.'

'My mother won't let me go,' said Anil. 'She says the mountains are full of ghosts. And she thinks I'll get up to some mischief. How can one get up to mischief on a lonely mountain? Have you been on the mountains, Laurie?'

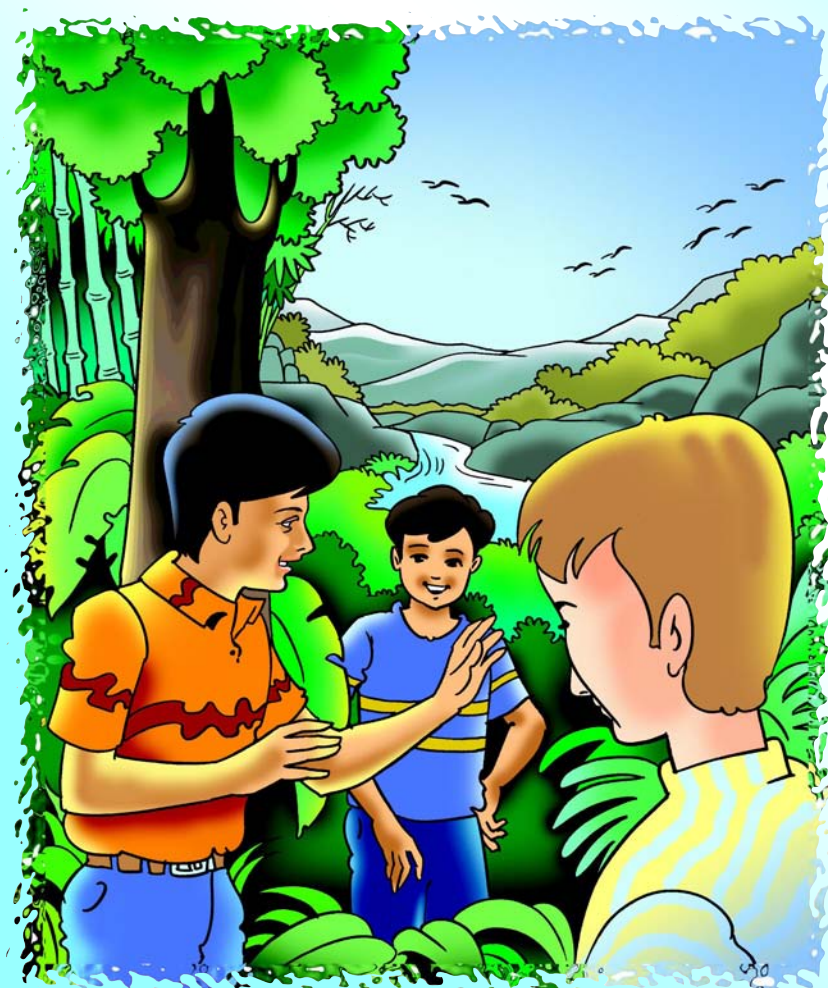
'I've been on English mountains,' I said, 'but they're not half as high as these. Kamal seems to know about them.'

'Only what I've read in books,' said Kamal. 'I'm sure it won't be dangerous, people are always going to the glacier. Can you see that peak above the others on the right?' He pointed to the distant snow range, barely visible against the soft blue sky. 'The Pindari Glacier is below it. It's at 12,000 feet, I think, but we won't need any special equipment. There'll be snow only for the final two or three miles. Do you know that it's the beginning of the river Sarayu?'

'You mean our river?' asked Anil, thinking of the little river that wandered along the outskirts of the town, joining the Ganges further downstream.

'Yes. But it's only a trickle where it starts.'

'How much money will we need?' I asked, determined to be practical.





‘Well. I’ve saved twenty rupees,’ said Kamal.

‘But won’t you need that for your books?’ I asked. Determined to be practical.

‘No, this is extra. If each of us brings twenty rupees, we should have enough. There’s nothing to spend money on, once we are up on the mountains. There are only one or two villages on the way and food is scarce, so we’ll have to take plenty of food with us. I learnt all this from the Tourist Office.’

‘Kamal has been planning this without our knowledge,’ complained Anil.

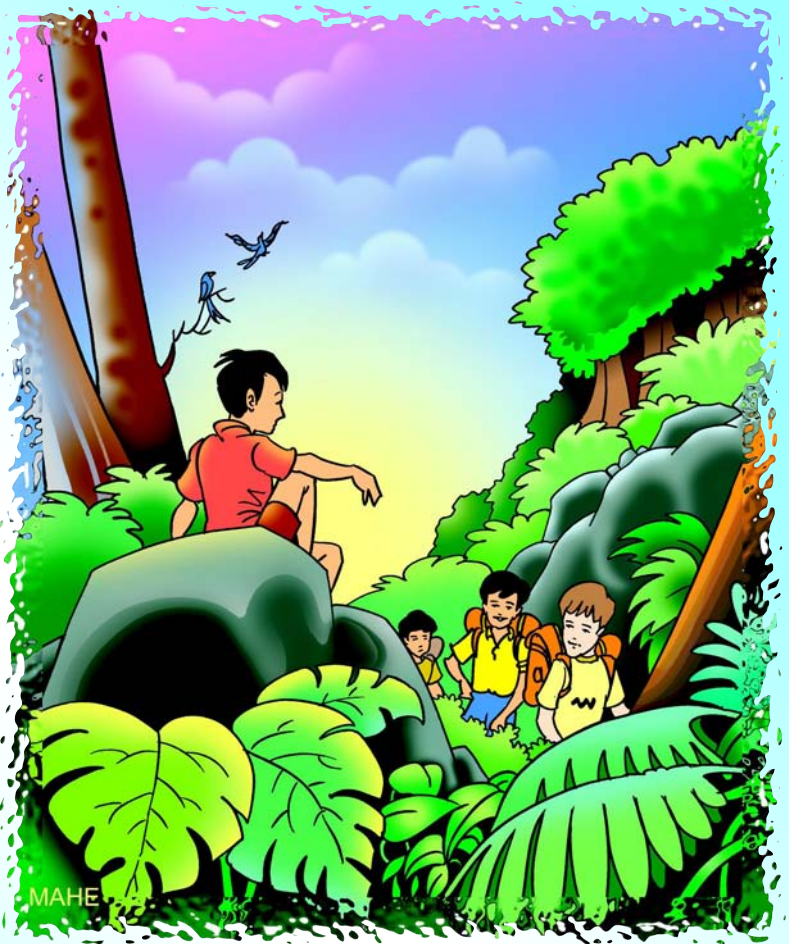
‘He always plans in advance,’ I said. ‘But it’s a good idea, and it should be a fine adventure.’

‘All right,’ said Anil. ‘But Laurie will have to be with me when I ask my mother. She thinks Laurie is very sensible, and might let me go if he says it’s quite safe.’ And he ended the discussion by jumping into the pool, where we soon joined him.

Though my mother hesitated about letting me go, my father said it was a wonderful idea and was only sorry because he couldn’t accompany us himself (which was a relief, as we didn’t want our parents along); and though Anil’s father hesitated—or rather, because he hesitated—his mother said yes, of course, Anil must go, the mountain air would be good for his health. A puzzling remark, because Anil’s health had never been better. The bazaar people, when they heard that Anil might be away for a couple of weeks, were overjoyed at the prospect of a quiet spell, and pressed his father to let him go.

On a cloudy day, promising rain, we bundled ourselves into the bus that was to take us to Kapkote (where people lose their caps and coats, punned Anil), the starting point of our trek. Each of us carried a haversack, and we had also brought along a good-sized bedding roll which, apart from blankets, also contained rice and flour thoughtfully provided by Anil’s mother. It was a good day for travelling, so we decided all would be well.

We were soon in the hills, on a winding road that took us up and up, until we saw the valley and our town spread



out beneath us, the river a silver ribbon across the plain. Kamal pointed to a patch of dense sal forest and said, ‘Our pool must be there!’ We took a sharp bend, and the valley disappeared, and the mountains towered above us.

We had dull headaches by the time we reached Kapkote, but when we got down from the bus a cool breeze freshened us. At the wayside shop we drank glasses of hot, sweet tea, and the shopkeeper told us we could spend the night in one of his rooms. It was pleasant at Kapkote, the hills wooded with deodar trees, the lower slopes planted with fresh green paddy. At night, there was a wind moaning in the trees and it found its way through the cracks in the windows and eventually through our blankets. Then, right outside the door, a dog began howling at the moon. It had been a good day for travelling, but the astrologer hadn’t warned us that it would be a bad night for sleep.

Next morning, we washed our faces at a small





pay him a rupee a day for acting as our guide and 'sherpa'.

And then we started walking, at first, above the little Sarayu river, then climbing higher along the rough mule track, always within sound of the water.

Kamal wanted to bathe in the river. I said it was too far, and Anil said we wouldn't reach the dak bungalow before dark if we went for a swim. Regretfully, we left the river behind, and marched on through a forest of oaks, over wet, rotting leaves that made a soft carpet for our feet. We ate at noon, under an oak. As we didn't want to waste any time making a fire—not on this first crucial day—we ate beans from a tin and drank most of our water.

In the afternoon we came to the river again. The water was swifter now, green and bubbling still far below us. We saw two boys in the water, swimming in an inlet which reminded us of our own secret pool. They waved, and invited us to join them.

stream about a hundred yards from the shop and filled our water bottles for the day's march. A boy from the nearby village sat on a rock, studying our movements.

'Where are you going?' he asked, unable to suppress his curiosity.

'To the glacier,' said Kamal.

'Let me go with you,' said the boy. 'I know the way.'

'You're too small,' said Anil. 'We need someone who can carry our bedding roll.'

'I'm small,' said the boy, 'but I'm strong. I'm not a weakling like the boys in the plains.' Though he was shorter than any of us, he certainly looked sturdy, and had a muscular well-knit body and pink cheeks. 'See!' he said, and picking up a rock the size of a football, he heaved it across the stream.

'I think he can come with us,' I said.

And the boy, whose name was Bisnu, dashed off to inform his people of his employment—we had agreed to

We returned their greeting but it would have taken us an hour to get down to the river and up again; so we continued on our way.

We walked miles that day—our speed was to decrease after this—and we were at the dak bungalow by 6 O'clock. Bisnu busied himself collecting sticks for a fire. Anil found the bungalow's watchman asleep in a patch of fading sunlight and roused him. The watchman, who hadnot been bothered by visitors for weeks, grumbled at our intrusion, but opened a room for us. He also produced some potatoes from his quarters, and these we roasted for dinner.

It became cold after the sun had gone down and we remained close to Bisnu's fire. The damp sticks burnt fitfully. By this time Bisnu had fully justified his inclusion in our party. He had balanced the bedding roll on his shoulders as though it were full of cotton wool instead of blankets. Now he was helping us with the cooking. And



How do reindeers survive in the extreme cold? Most animals don't eat moss. It is hard to digest, and it has little nutritional value. But reindeer fill up with lots of moss. Why? The moss contains a special chemical that helps reindeer keep their body fluids warm. When the reindeer make their yearly journey across the icy Arctic region, the chemical keeps them from freezing—much as antifreeze keeps a car from freezing up in winter.



we were glad to have him sharing our hot potatoes and strong tea.

There were only two beds in the room and we pushed these together, apportioning out the blankets as fairly as possible. Then the four of us leapt into bed, shivering in the cold. We were already over 5,000 feet. Bisnu, in his own peculiar way, had wrapped a scarf around his neck, though a cotton singlet and shorts were all that he wore for the night.

'Tell us a story, Laurie,' said Anil. 'It'll help us to fall asleep.'

I told them one of my mother's stories, about a boy and a girl who had been changed into a pair of buffaloes, and then Bisnu told us about the ghost of a sadhu, who

was to be seen sitting in the snow by moonlight, not far from the glacier. Far from putting us to sleep, this story kept us awake for hours.

'Aren't you asleep yet?' I asked Anil in the middle of the night.

'No, you keep kicking me,' he lied.

'We don't have enough blankets,' complained Kamal. 'It's too cold to sleep.'

'I never sleep till it's very late,' mumbled Bisnu from the bottom of the bed. No one was prepared to admit that our imagination was keeping us awake.

After a little while, we heard a thud on the corrugated tin sheets, and then the sound of someone—or something—scrambling about on the roof. Anil, Kamal and I sat up

in bed, startled out of our wits. Bisnu, who had won the race to be the first one to fall asleep, merely turned over on his side and grunted.

'It's only a bear,' he said. 'Didn't you notice the pumpkins on the roof? Bears love pumpkins.'

For half an hour we had to listen to the bear as it clambered about on the roof, feasting on the watchman's ripening pumpkins. Finally, there was silence. Kamal and I crawled out of our blankets and went to the window. And through the frosted glass we saw a black Himalayan bear ambling across the slope in front of the bungalow, a fat pumpkin held between its paws.



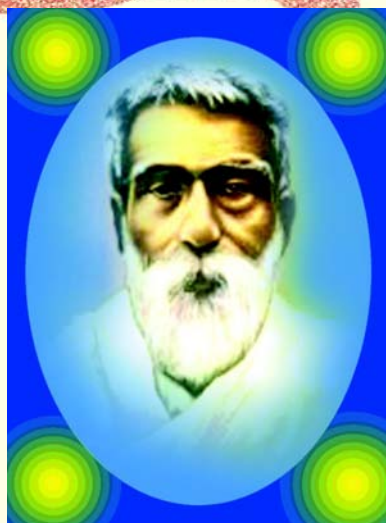


# SCIENCE FAIR



- By **Rosscothe  
Krishna Pillai**

## AUGUST-BORN : P.C.RAY



**P**rafulla Chandra Ray, who is renowned as the father of education and research in chemistry and of chemical industry in India, was born on August 2, 1861 in Raruli village in Jessore district (later known as Khulna) now in Bangladesh. He was the younger son of Harish Chandra Ray, a man of learning and culture with liberal views.

Prafulla's early education was in the village school, founded by his father. When he was nine years old, his father moved to Calcutta (now Kolkata) with his family. Prafulla and elder brother Nalinakanta were admitted to the Hare School, but a bout of acute dysentery forced Prafulla to interrupt his schooling for two years; he however, spent time usefully. He was a voracious reader. The lives of Newton and

Galileo interested him. Benjamin Franklin was his special favourite. At 13, he joined the Albert School. In 1879 he joined the college founded by the great Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar. While in college, Ray developed an inordinate interest in chemistry and began conducting experiments in his own laboratory.

Soon after passing the F.A. exam, Ray won the Gilchrist scholarship of Edinburgh University and joined its B.Sc. degree course when he was 21. After graduation, Ray undertook research in chemistry and got the D.Sc. degree in 1887 from Edinburgh. He became Vice-President of the University Chemical Society. On his return, he became Asst. Professor of chemistry in the Presidency College in 1889 and was later elevated as Professor and Head of the Department. He retired in 1916 and joined the University College of Science as the first University Professor of Chemistry.

P.C. Ray devoted almost his entire academic life to teaching and pursuit of research in chemistry. His research covered a wide range of problems including those of medicinal drugs and food adulteration. He analysed a number of rare Indian minerals. While dealing with compounds of mercury, important in Ayurvedic medicine, he chanced to isolate in 1896 *mercurous nitrite*, not known till then. This discovery, published in *Nature*, won for him international recognition. He built up the Indian School of Chemistry. Simultaneously Ray became intensely concerned over India's import of drugs, and so started in 1892 the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works, and made drugs from indigenous materials. Ray achieved everlasting fame with his monumental work, *The History of Hindu Chemistry*, in two volumes. He was honoured by Indian and foreign universities with doctorates. He was knighted by the British Government in 1919.

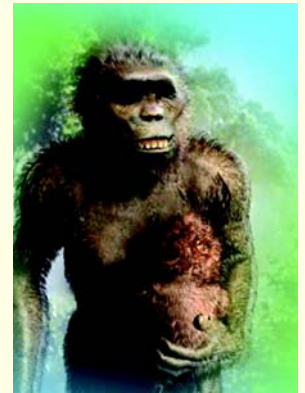
He gave away most of his income for the propagation of chemistry. He was so intensely patriotic that he said, "Science can wait but Swaraj cannot." Sir P.C. Ray died on June 16, 1944. The international science journal, *Nature*, wrote: "A more remarkable career than that of P.C. Ray could not well be chronicled..."



# A LINK OF MAN'S TWO ANCESTORS



**F**ossils, 4.1 million years old, of the pre-human species or primitive hominid, *Australopithecus anamensis*, belonging to the first phase of man's evolution have recently been found in northeastern Ethiopia by a team of 60 scientists from 17 countries led by Tim White, paleoanthropologist and co-Director of Human Evolution Research Center of the University of California, Berkeley,



USA. These fossils are the remains (teeth, jaw bone and a thigh bone) of eight individuals belonging to the *Australopithecus* genus, considered to be a direct ancestor to humans. The fossils provide the first clear evidence of a link between the first and second phases of human evolution. They are also considered to partly fill the gap between the earlier genus found, *Ardipithecus*, and the later find, *Australopithecus*, and almost complete the chain of evolution to modern man, belonging to the species, *Homo sapiens*, of the genus, *Homo* (Latin for "human"), which first appeared 2.5 million years ago.

The scientists located the remains of the hominids in Asa Issie in the Middle Awash area of the Afar desert region, 225 km. northeast of Addis Ababa, the Ethiopian capital. They have pointed out that the ecology of the area around the site indicated that the hominid specimens were forest dwellers. This significant discovery was published in *Nature*, in April last.

## QUOTATIONS

### On Mathematics by mathematicians:

Mathematics is "the subject in which we never know what we are talking about nor whether what we are saying is true."

**-Bertrand Russell,  
mathematician-philosopher**

"Either mathematics is too big for the human mind or the human mind is more than a machine."

**-Dr. Kurt Godel, Czechoslovakia-born, eminent U.S. mathematician**

"The man ignorant of mathematics will be increasingly limited in his grasp of the main forces of civilization."

**-Prof. John Kemeny, U.S. mathematician**

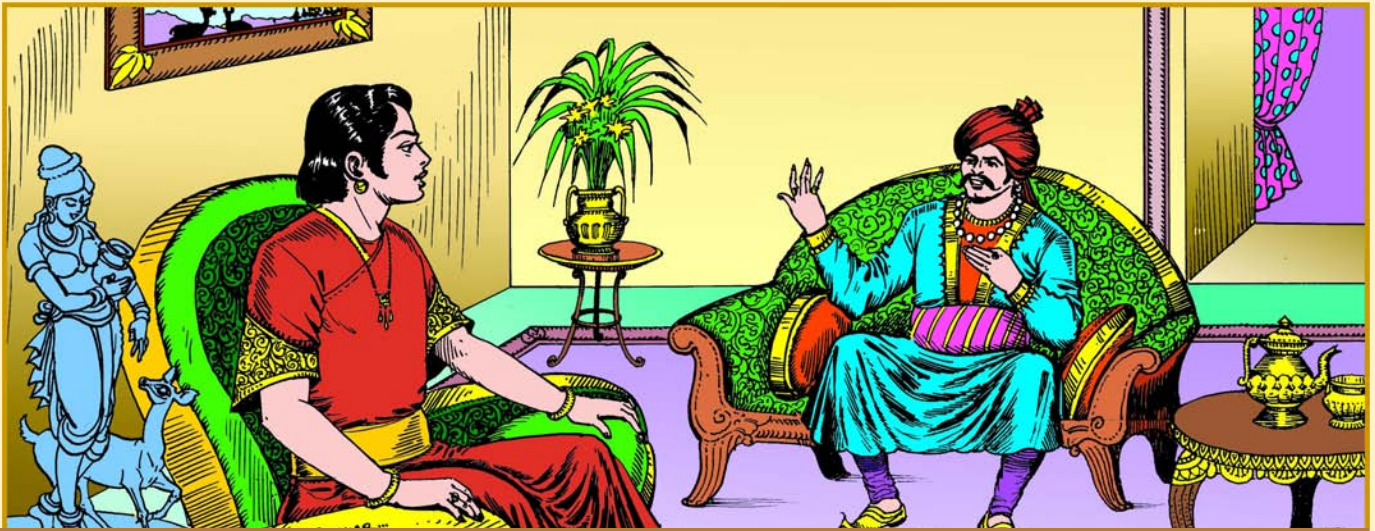
## SCIENCE QUIZ



1. To whom was the first Nobel Prize in physics awarded in 1901? a. Isaac Newton; b. Albert Einstein; c. Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen; d. Linus Carl Pauling.
2. What is the common biological process, discovered by Louis Pasteur, which is involved in curd-making, wine-making and production of fuel gas from cow dung? a. digestion; b. infection; c. dialysis; d. fermentation.
3. Which is the enzyme in human saliva that helps to break down the starch in rice or bread and make it sweet on prolonged chewing? a. amylase; b. lipase; c. pepsin; d. papain.
4. Which is the gas inside an ordinary electric bulb? a. oxygen; b. carbon dioxide; c. hydrogen; d. nitrogen.

**Answer:** 1. c. Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen; 2. d. fermentation; 3. a. amylase; 4. nitrogen.





## A WISE MERCHANT

**W**hen Brahmadatta was ruling Kasi, Bodhisattva was born in a trading community. Right from his early days, Bodhisattva was keen to learn the nuances of business. He mastered all business tactics from his father and when he grew up as an adult, he engaged himself actively in business. With his business acumen, he could formulate clever strategies to boost and expand his trade. Soon, he became a highly successful and prosperous businessman. By the time his business was at its peak, he had engaged nearly five hundred bullock-carts to transport merchandise from far east to far west and carried out trade in many towns and villages en route.

There was another merchant in Kasi called Mandmathi, who was closely observing the progress of Bodhisattva. Mandmathi thought he could also improve his business and make huge profit by accompanying Bodhisattva during his business trip. When he expressed his desire to Bodhisattva, he agreed. However, Bodhisattva advised him: "Look! I've no objection to take

you along with me. But, both of us cannot travel together with our caravan, since the highway is narrow. Let one of us proceed first and the other follow leaving a gap of time in between. You may choose whether you would go in front or follow me!"

Mandmathi thought over it for sometime. 'I stand to gain by leading him. If I proceed first, I shall have an uninterrupted journey. My bullocks will get plenty of grass. I shall get the choicest food on the way on first come first served basis. Further, I can manage to sell most of my merchandise since I shall be approaching the buyers first.'

Bodhisattva was, however, thinking on an entirely different line. 'It's better to follow this guy. The man who leads will have to take the trouble of locating the places for drinking water, food and also prospective buyers. The man who leads might have to bargain with the customers to strike a good deal. I shall not face any of these hardships.'

When Mandmathi said he would lead,

## A JATAKA TALE



Bodhisattva immediately agreed. Mandmathi was delighted that he could score over his rival on this issue. As they had to pass through a vast desert, they stocked plenty of food and water.

Soon, Mandmathi's caravan entered the desert. After some distance he caught sight of a chariot coming from the opposite direction. A handsome prince wearing a dazzling dress rode in the chariot, accompanied by soldiers. Mandmathi was surprised to see the chariot dripping with water droplets and the soldiers in drenched clothes. The chariot stopped in front of Mandmathi and the handsome prince hailed him.

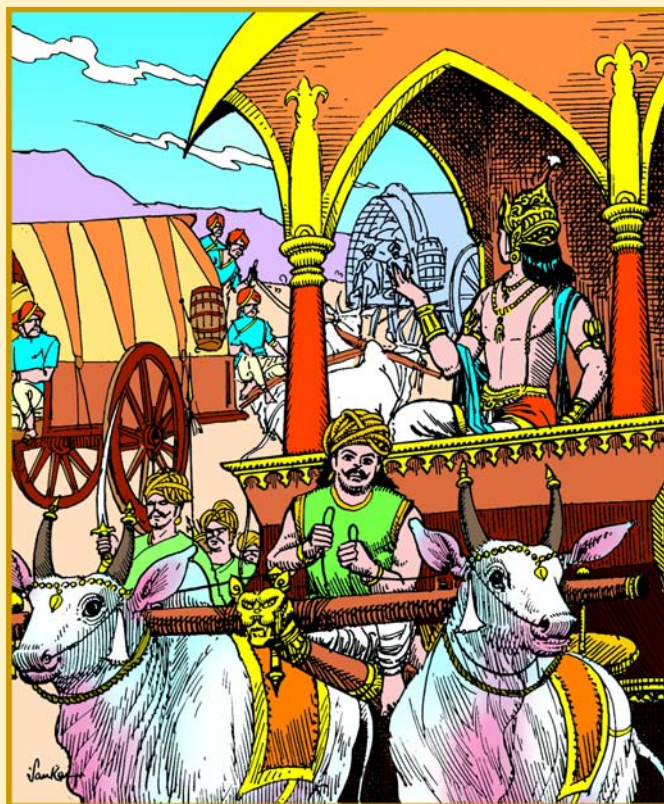
"It has been raining very heavily a short distance from here. There is severe water logging everywhere and the ponds are overflowing. I want to advise you not to carry so many water barrels with you. You won't have any need of them! Drain out your barrels and travel freely."

He then rode off with his men.

Mandmathi felt very much obliged to him and immediately ordered his men to empty the barrels. Little did he know that the prince and his men were yakshas! It was their ploy to make Mandmathi and his men discard drinking water so that they would die in the desert. The yakshas were planning to eat them after they collapsed in the mid-desert.

Mandmathi was dull-witted and could not guess the treacherous plan of the yakshas. No wonder he was bewildered not to find any overflowing ponds and water-logged land even after travelling far into the desert. He realized that he had been tricked, but it was too late. Mandmathi and his men dropped dead in the hot desert. The yakshas soon descended on them.

After a few days, Bodhisattva's caravan entered the desert. The yakshas tried to repeat their act. But Bodhisattva was too clever to believe him.



A Water-logged desert? Overflowing ponds? He replied: "Thank you for your advice! But I shall not drain out precious drinking water. Please, get out of my way!" The yakshas were disappointed and they went away.

Bodhisattva told his men: "Have you ever heard of such a thing happening in a desert? If at all it had been raining, can't we feel it here? Is there any cool breeze? Are there any clouds in the sky? I feel those fellows had a sinister motive! Had we believed in their words, we would have collapsed in the desert without water. I have a hunch that Mandmathi and his men might have walked into in their trap and met with their end."

He proved right. As they advanced into the desert, they could see the mortal remains of Mandmathi and his men. Bodhisattva took their merchandise and proceeded on his business trip. A great misfortune could thus be averted by the shrewdness of Bodhisattva.





# KING UDAYANA



**D**uring the days when Buddhism was at its peak, some of the important kingdoms were known by the name of 'mahajanapada'. Among these were Magadha, Kosala, Kaushambi and Avanti. The kingdoms were more or less evenly matched so far as power was concerned. So, despite being rivals, the kings did not go for open confrontation. The rivalry between Magadha and Kosala simmered for many years without breaking out into a war. On the other hand, there was trouble brewing between the King of Avanti, Mahasena, and King Udayana of Kaushambi for a long, long time. The story of how they eventually became friends is an interesting one.

King Udayana was of an artistic temperament and could play the flute and veena beautifully. In fact, he was so good that he was able even to tame wild animals, especially elephants, when he played on either of

these instruments. King Mahasena was actually an admirer of Udayana's remarkable ability and wished to have him in his power more than anything else. He knew, fighting with him might not help matters as there was an equal chance of his winning or losing the battle. So, he thought of a unique trick to imprison him. He had a huge elephant made of metal which looked so real that no one could say it was not a live one. In fact, it was a real work of art which made everyone gasp in wonder. The metal elephant could move slowly and gracefully. And what was even more remarkable was, it could carry a dozen or more armed soldiers inside.

There lay a huge and dense forest between the kingdoms of Mahasena and Udayana. Mahasena's soldiers took the metal elephant to this forest very often and let it move about among the trees. Since this forest did not belong to any kingdom in particular, the soldiers of both kingdoms came there to relax. Before long, Udayana's people caught a glimpse of the wonderful elephant and gasped in amazement. They had never seen such a huge elephant before and wondered if it could be actually real. Then they saw it moving gracefully and realized that it was real. The news of the extraordinary elephant reached King Udayana. He longed to capture it just as he had done so many others.

He went to the forest and soon saw the elephant among the trees. It was really quite a remarkable one, larger than any he had ever come across. As he started playing on his flute the elephant seemed to look up. Then it stood absolutely still. King Udayana smiled and made a sign to his bodyguards asking them to leave him alone. Since it was his usual command at such times, the bodyguards turned back and allowed him to face the elephant alone. Already it seemed spellbound by his music.

Udayana continued to play as he came nearer and nearer the elephant. When he was just a few steps away, something strange happened. The body of the elephant fell apart showing a secret door; the hidden soldiers



# AND HIS MUSIC

jumped out and captured him. It all happened so quickly that, before Udayana could cry out in surprise, he was taken captive and rushed to Avanti. Once inside the boundary, the bewildered bodyguards could not follow Udayana, but they fought the remaining soldiers gallantly. However, their king was already a prisoner of Mahasena and they carried the sad tidings to Kaushambi.

The people of Kaushambi were enraged when they heard how their king had been taken prisoner with the help of a trick. "Let's gather our army and declare war against Avanti," cried most of the ministers. "I'm sure we can defeat them and set our king free," said one of them.

But Yougandha Narayan, the chief minister, shook his head. "Let's wait before taking any decision," he told his army. "King Udayana was not in favour of fighting them. Let us wait and see what happens."

"You mean to say we should let him remain a prisoner in enemy land and do nothing about it?" cried one of the army chiefs.

"King Udayana is quite capable of looking after himself," said Yougandha Narayan. "I know him better than you do. He won't remain a prisoner for long, I assure you. Moreover, there's yet another danger. If we declare war on Avanti, Mahasena might put him to death if he feels they are not strong enough to fight us. Surely, you don't want that to happen?"

"Then what do you suggest we do?"

"Vasantaka, a dear friend of his majesty, and I shall go to Avanti in disguise and help him escape," said the chief minister. It seemed a reasonable decision to everyone.

In the mean time, Mahasena was so delighted to have Udayana as his prisoner that he put him up in one of his most beautiful palaces enclosed by a garden, and commanded his people to treat him

like a special and honoured guest. He was not allowed to step out of his palace but was provided with every comfort, luxury and attention due to a king. Udayana was amazed and could not imagine what Mahasena wanted from him! Surely this was a strange way to treat a prisoner and an arch enemy, at that!

"Is there anything else that you would like?" asked the attendant in charge of him. "His majesty has specially asked me to find out."

"Obviously I cannot have my liberty," said Udayana with a smile. "I can't think of anything else that I would care to have."

"Please think of something or his majesty will feel I'm not doing my duty," said the attendant with folded hands. Udayana looked at his flute. Then he said, "Please get me a veena."

"A veena?" asked the attendant surprised.

"Yes. Don't you have them in your kingdom?"

"Of course," said the attendant, "I'll get you the best we have."





Every day Udayana sat by the window and played on the veena. He poured out his heart and soul into his music and seemed perfectly happy. There was something music did to him. It made him forget the world, its pain and problems. The strains of his music wove a world of ecstasy around him and he could lose himself in it. But his music did not affect just himself. It also charmed the world around him casting a spell on all those who listened. And this time his music was going to affect his very destiny!

Mahasena's daughter, Princess Basavadatta, was one day picking flowers in the garden when she heard Udayana playing on the veena. She was spellbound. She had never heard such exquisite music before. "Who is that playing?" she asked her friend and companion Champa.

"The new prisoner," she replied.

"Who is he?" asked Basavadatta curiously. "I've never heard any prisoner play like this!"

"No one seems to know who he is," said Champa.

"I shall go and ask father," said Basavadatta. "I'll tell him that I want to learn music from this prisoner."

"But he might be dangerous," warned Champa, "I'm sure his majesty will never allow you to go anywhere near him."

"He plays the instrument like an angel," said Basavadatta in a determined voice. "I must learn to play it like that."

Mahasena was resting when Basavadatta burst

into the room. "Father, I've been listening to the new prisoner playing on the veena," she said without any preamble, "I want him to teach me, too. Please arrange it. I've never found a teacher good enough to satisfy me, but I think your prisoner's talent is quite extraordinary. Who is he, father?"

"Never mind that," said Mahasena with a smile. "So you feel he is good enough to be your teacher, do you?"

"Yes, I shall be ever grateful if he agrees to teach me," said Basavadatta in an unusually humble tone.

"I can't see how my prisoner can refuse to obey me," said Mahasena, "but let's go and see him and fix up your timings."

King Udayana was surprised to see Mahasena walk into his room. "This is my daughter Basavadatta," he said. "She wants to learn veena. I shall be happy if you agree to teach her."

Udayana was about to refuse rudely and tell him that he was no tutor and had no intention of teaching his daughter or anyone else, even though he happened to be his prisoner at the moment. But when he looked at Basavadatta, his words remained unspoken and he merely said, "Very well."

"When should she come to you for her lessons?" asked Mahasena.

Udayana looked the other way. "Whenever she chooses," he said quietly.

"Do you think you'll be able to teach her?" asked Mahasena again.

"I'll do my best," said Udayana.

"Can I have my first lesson now?" asked Basavadatta timidly. She wondered what the handsome and majestic prisoner had done to be imprisoned by her father.

Days flew by. Basavadatta was soon able to do her teacher credit. But Udayana refused to tell Basavadatta his true identity. "I know you are no commoner," said Basavadatta, "everything about you suggests royalty."

"Never mind that. Come, play





to me the latest raga that I have taught you. I'm beginning to fear that you'll soon surpass me!" Basavadatta started playing, well pleased.

No one outside the palace knew about the music lessons. Vasantaka and Yougandha Narayan, staying incognito in Avanti, were amazed. "I really cannot imagine why King Udayana has not succeeded in escaping so far," said the puzzled minister.

"Perhaps he has changed his mind," said Vasantaka.

"While remaining a captive, possibly with his hands bound? Don't be crazy!"

"It does appear crazy," admitted Vasantaka.

Before long it was spring with Vasant Utsav being celebrated everywhere. Basavadatta was playing to Udayana as usual when Udayana murmured absent-mindedly, "Wonder what's happening in Ujjaini. They'll miss my recital this year."

"Ujjaini?" cried Basavadatta springing up. "What has Ujjaini to do with you?"

"There is some connection," said Udayana smiling, "but you were not meant to hear that. I was merely thinking aloud. Ujjaini is the capital of Kaushambi, you know."

Suddenly Basavadatta put two and two together. Everything appeared to make sense. She also remembered King Udayana's reputation as a musician and how her father had always longed to conquer him. "You can't be King Udayana!" she cried incredulous. "Or are you?"

"Since you have guessed it, yes I am. But don't let that bother you."

"You have put up with a captive's life all these days just for..."

"You? Yes I have! Aren't you worth it?"

"No," cried Basavadatta covering her face, "I can't bear it! I shall set you free, whatever it costs."

"But you are not the king! Why should anyone obey you?"

"Never mind. I'll find a way out so that you can escape," said Basavadatta.

"Not unless you come with me," said Udayana firmly. "Will you?" Basavadatta did not reply but she took off



her garland from her neck and put it round Udayana's.

Basavadatta was dearly loved by her people so she was soon able to plan their escape. The next night was full moon—when the entire kingdom would be rejoicing. She arranged with the guard to have one door open and also keep an elephant ready. She crept out with Udayana after midnight. Most of the guards were asleep with exhaustion.

Udayana and Basavadatta had a good start and made straight for Ujjaini.

The entire kingdom rejoiced to see their king. "Get ready to welcome your new queen," said Udayana to them. Vasantaka and Yougandha Narayan had returned too, and went about arranging a great celebration..

When Mahasena learned what had happened in the night, he merely smiled. He sent an urgent message to the King of Kaushambi. It read: "Dear Udayana, since Basavadatta is my favourite daughter, I am sending my son Gopal with her wedding gifts. May I also come to solemnize the marriage? I'm delighted to have you for my son-in-law and had always hoped it would happen."

Suddenly all the bitterness and rivalry of years vanished and everyone was happy celebrating the wedding of Udayana and Basavadatta. Avanti and Kaushambi were friends at long last. - *Swapna Dutta*



# THE BEST WEAPON



**E**mperor Akbar walked along a brick-paved path that cut through beds of flowers. On either side stood rose plants, sporting white and red and crimson and yellow flowers. Huge dahlias and chrysanthemums provided the backdrop. "If there is a heaven on earth, it is here," the emperor turned to his courtiers.

"Truly said, Shahenshah," all the courtiers agreed, except Birbal.

The emperor turned to him. Birbal looked restless. He was examining everything with watchful eyes. He surveyed every nook and corner of the garden.

"Birbal!" the Emperor nudged him.

"Yes, Shahenshah," Birbal quickly responded.

"I said if there is a heaven on earth, it is here. What do you think?" the emperor repeated his comment.

"The scene is picture perfect, Shahenshah! No painter can capture this scene on canvas. Yet..." Birbal sighed.

"You don't agree fully, I think. May I know what is behind your sigh and also the word YET?" the emperor's voice quivered.

"Yet one should be alert to the dangers that lie in such settings," Birbal spoke in a calm and collected voice.

"Dangers? Are you talking of thorns that often draw blood when one tries to pluck the roses?"

"Thorns are the natural defence of the rose plants, Shahenshah," Birbal lowered his voice and added, "Thorns are the least of the dangers in this settings."

"Are you scared of snakes in the grass?" the emperor listed yet another danger.

"Shahenshah, snakes slither away on hearing the sound of footsteps. They bite only in self-defense," Birbal assured the Emperor.

"So, where lies the danger?" the emperor looked totally confused.

"Shahenshah, every powerful ruler has plenty of

enemies. The enemy could be a near relative who has an eye on the throne. Or he could be the ruler of a neighbouring country who is frightened of the growing power of the ruler. Often the enemy wins over a few courtiers of the powerful ruler with money and gifts. He engages hired killers. They complete their mission, and the ruler becomes a part of history," Birbal explained why he remained alert. Eternal vigilance is the price a ruler has to pay to remain in power," Birbal argued.

"Maybe, you've a point there, Birbal."

The emperor sank into deep thought. He was now no longer interested in the flowers. Suddenly he seemed to smell danger in the air. He turned away, quickly, hurrying back to the palace. The courtiers formed the





retinue. The emperor headed for the royal court. He moved up the steps and sat on the throne. The courtiers trooped in. The emperor waved his hand. The courtiers took their seats. The emperor seemed lost in thought. Finally he lifted his head and looked at the courtiers. "O learned men, which is the best weapon of defence when one is taken by surprise?" the Emperor asked.

"A fine sword, Shahenshah! A sword, strong and sharp," said a courtier.

"Only if the holder of the sword is good at wielding the weapon," Birbal pointed out.

"Birbal! You always have a different viewpoint," the emperor grimly reminded him. He turned to the courtiers and asked whether everyone agreed that the sword was the best of weapons.

"No," said another courtier. "I would prefer a spear."

"Why?"

"*Alampana!* The spear can be hurled at the enemy even from a distance. So, one doesn't have to get close to one's enemy and thus expose oneself to grave danger," he argued.

"If he's quick to strike before his enemy delivers the deadly throw," Birbal countered.

"Birbal?" the Emperor snapped at him.

"Yes, Shahenshah!" Birbal mewed.

"The sword is not good enough for you? Nor is the spear ideal for you. So, which is the weapon you will choose when it comes to self-defence? Is it the cannon?" the emperor demanded an answer.

"No. It is not easy to find a cannon when the attack is sudden, unexpected," Birbal replied.

"So, which is the ideal weapon, Birbal?" the emperor sounded quite upset.

"The ideal weapon, Shahenshah, will be the one that suits the demand of the situation," Birbal smiled.

"You think so?"

"I'm certain, Shahenshah! A man who shows readiness of mind always finds the ideal weapon for every crisis," Birbal kept on smiling.

"Silly," hissed the emperor.

The courtiers looked at each other. They were happy to hear the emperor describe the comment of Birbal as



silly. How could he be so foolish, they thought!

"But, Shahenshah, a time will come when you'll realize how right I am," Birbal stuck to his stand.

"You're too sure of yourself, Birbal," the emperor sneered.

The courtiers laughed. They thought Birbal would never get a chance to prove his point. They did not know that the occasion would come sooner than expected.

Next day, early in the morning, the emperor set out for a long stroll along the city. The courtiers, including Birbal, were on tow.

The emperor kept a fast pace. His clothes rustled with every step he took. A metallic belt held the clothes firmly in position. The emperor's sword lay smugly inside the sheath. Only its hilt was visible. The sheath was attached to the metallic belt.

The party moved towards the river.

Suddenly a large crowd came running toward the



royal party. They looked frightened. They were fleeing for their lives. They noticed the emperor, bowed to him, but kept running. The emperor finally managed to stop one of the men and asked what the matter was.

He was gasping for breath. He seemed to be in a hurry to get away. He said, while taking deep breaths, "One of the palace elephants has broken his chains, Shahenshah! It has turned mad and is on a rampage. It is heading in this direction. Please, I beg of you, Shahenshah, please get away from here. Or ..."

Before he could conclude, he heard the jingle of chains and took to his heels, saying, "Please, Shahenshah, the elephant is heading this way. It's mad. Nobody knows what it'll do if it finds someone in its way. I beg of you, get away quickly!"

The emperor's fingers came round the hilt of the sword. The courtiers, too, reached for their swords. But, they had their fear. They knew that they could never fight

the elephant with swords. The best option was to take to the run. But they could not do that till the emperor took the lead. But the emperor was not willing to back away from an elephant. What would the courtiers think of him? And, then, what right had he to be the ruler if he did not stand up to a mad elephant? He waited for the elephant to come close so that he could drive the sword in and bring the elephant down.

The courtiers looked helplessly at each other. They felt that the emperor was taking on too much risk. Safety, they thought, lay in running away. But who would make the emperor see reason? They thought Birbal alone could do that. They turned to Birbal. They found him calm and cool and unaffected. He did not even look in the direction of the elephant. Instead his eyes were on a cat on the wall, basking in the sun, eyes closed, enjoying a nap. Birbal tiptoed, making no noise and stood close to where the cat lay. He kept one eye on the cat and the other at the royal party.

The elephant rushed in, trumpeting loudly, swinging its trunk wildly. Its eyes gained a glint when it noticed the royal party and charged.

Birbal quickly grabbed the cat. The cat wriggled, trying to free itself by clawing at him. But it was a little too late. Birbal lifted it bodily, up in the air, took aim and hurled it at the elephant. The cat flew in space and landed with a thud on the elephant's back. In wild fury, the cat dug its claws into the elephant's back. The elephant crashed to a stop, bellowed angrily, while its trunk curled up to seize its tormentor. The cat noticed the trunk edging closer and quickly jumped off the back of the elephant. It landed a few feet away. The elephant charged at it. The cat ran for its life. The elephant vanished, chasing the cat.

The royal party felt terribly relieved.

"Birbal, I congratulate you for your quick thinking. You used the cat as a weapon to drive back the mad elephant. I now know what you meant when you said that the ideal weapon is the one that suits the demand of the situation," the emperor commended Birbal for turning the cat into a weapon of defence.

**-R.K.Murthi**





# PUZZLE DAZZLE

## MOUNTAIN CROSSWORD



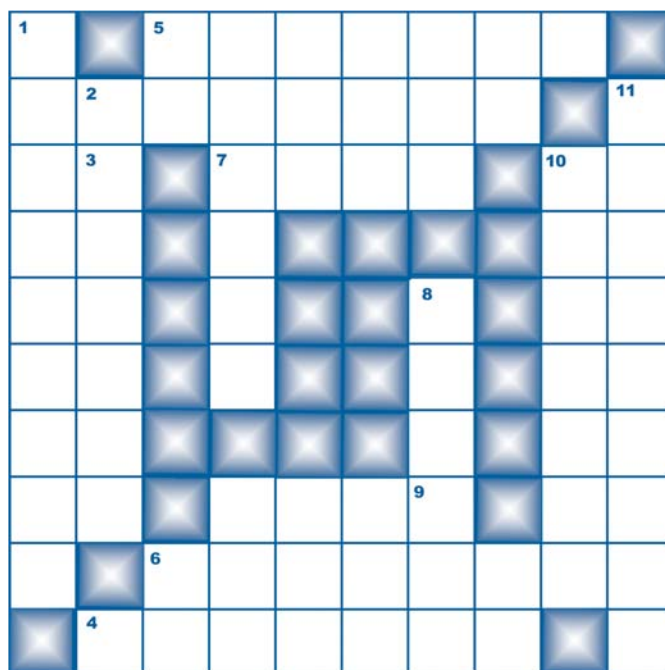
Here is a crossword on mountains. Use the clues to solve it.

### Down:

1. It is located in Argentina and is the highest mountain in the Americas and the Southern Hemisphere (9).
3. It is the highest mountain in Afghanistan (6).
7. This is the highest point in Angola, in Africa (4).
8. This mountain is also known as Yushan (4).
10. It is the highest mountain on Earth. It marks the border between Nepal and China (7).
11. It is the highest mountain in the Hindu Kush region of northern Pakistan (9).

### Across:

2. This is the highest peak in the Cardamom Hills in Kerala, in the southern part of Eravikulam National Park (7).
4. It is the eighth highest mountain in the world, located in the Nepalese Himalayas (7).
5. This mountain is considered a sacred place for four religious groups—Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism and Bon faith. It lies



near Lake Manasarovar and Lake Rakshastal in Tibet (7).

6. It is the sixth highest mountain in the world. The name means "Turquoise Goddess" in Tibetan (6).
7. It is an active volcano located 70 km west of Mount Kilimanjaro. It is the topographic centrepiece of Arusha National Park (4).
9. It is one of thousands of mountains profiled in the Peak ware World Mountain Encyclopaedia – (Reverse) (4).

- by R Vaasugi

### SOLUTION TO MOUNTAIN CROSSWORD:

**Down:** 1. Aconcagua, 3. Noshag, 7. Moco, 8. Jade, 10. Everest, 11. Tirich Mir.  
**Across:** 2. Anamudi, 4. Manaslu, 5. Kailash, 6. Cho Oyu, 7. Meru, 9. Emin.





# THE ONLY ONE JUSTLY PUNISHED!

**K**ing William I of Germany (1797 - 1888) was a famous ruler in history. He had several praiseworthy qualities. He was always simple in his talks and conduct; he liked truthfulness more than anything else.

One day he paid a visit to the prison at Potsdam, a town in the eastern part of his kingdom. Looking at a convict, he asked him why he was in jail.

"My lord, someone burgled the mansion of our landlord and when chased by the guards, they threw the booty into the compound of my house. I was punished wrongly," replied the man.

The king moved on to the next prisoner and put the same question to him.

"My lord, the local administrator had a grudge against me. One day, when some people of my village revolted against him, he blamed me as the instigator and had me arrested," was his reply.

The king put the same question to the third prisoner. He said, "My lord, someone forged a document and I was blamed for it. I'm put behind the bars unjustly."

As the king moved from prisoner to prisoner, he received answers to the same effect.

Each one of them pleaded innocence and asserted that they were there for wrong reasons.

When the king confronted the last prisoner, he stood calm and said, "My lord, the accusations against me are true. I had done something I should not have done. I'm indeed guilty of a wicked deed."

"I see," observed the king, "you are the only wicked fellow among all these innocent men. You should not be allowed to corrupt all these gentlemen."

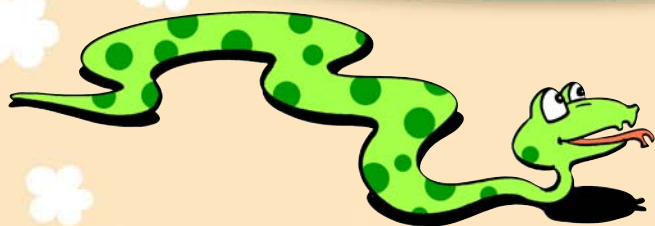
He then summoned both the magistrate and the jailor and passed the order that the man be set free at once.

(MD)





# KALEIDOSCOPE



## HOW A PYTHON SAVED THE TIGER

In this jungle the tiger was king. He was very strong and powerful. All animals respected him. He had a leopard for his bodyguard, a fox as advisor, and a bear as minister. The tiger or the leopard would hide behind a tree and jump upon an unsuspecting animal or bird that came to drink water. They all would then share the meal. A wolf used to watch them from a safe distance. He wished to have a share of their meals without hunting for his food.

One day, the tiger and his entourage were drinking water when the wolf came, bowed to the king and said, "Your majesty! I'm a loyal ward of yours. I wish to serve you. Please take me as one of your courtiers. I promise to be of use to you."

The fox and the bear knew that the wolf was a cunning animal. They advised the tiger against befriending the wolf. So, the tiger refused to accept him as a courtier. The wolf was angry. He saw some matchsticks. He went near the tiger's den and burnt the matchsticks at the mouth. There was a big fire. The tiger was trapped inside. His courtiers could not do anything. The fox saw the wolf laughing and knew what had happened.

By then a python had come out of its hole. The fox asked him to help the tiger. The python, his wife and baby pythons drank a lot of water and came near the den. They spat out the water and the fire was soon extinguished. The tiger's life was saved. He was grateful to the python's family for their help. He made the python his courtier.

As for the nasty wolf, the tiger traced him in his lair where he was hiding. He caught the wolf, scratched him, pounced upon him and tore him to pieces.

- **Nishal Sharma (9), New Delhi**





## FAIRY TALES

Heard of fairy tales?  
They are like rain without hails  
Do you know the fairy mother  
Who, about you to bother?

The mirror talks,  
The ginger bread walks,  
The snowwhite sleeps,  
The toy soldier leaps.

Thumbelina is of the size of your thumb  
All these leave you numb!  
The witch goes on cooking,  
Including you who are looking!

This is all magic,  
There is no logic!

- Y. Divya Latha (15), Kurnool



## NURSERY RHYMES

I hate nursery rhymes, said little Tom,  
You are a black sheep, said his mom.

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
Why does everyone have to fall down?  
Asked Tom?

See the light of stars, said mom.  
Twinkle, twinkle little star!  
But little Jack sulked in the corner,  
And Bo Beep lost her sheep,  
Sighed Tom!

You are a child, you will know,  
When you grow, the reason why!  
Said mom in ultimate advice.

So little Tom Thumb, decided to be dumb  
Till he grew older, to be a writer  
Of nursery rhymes!

- Shruthi Viswanathan (11), NOIDA







Social studies  
Teacher : All you children of today will be voters of tomorrow.

Mohan : But how is it possible, Miss?

Teacher : Why not, Mohan?

Mohan : We're only 12 years now. How can we turn 18 in one day?



English teacher : Is the sentence 'I have went to America' correct?

Anurag : No, ma'am. It's wrong.

Teacher : Can you say why?

Anurag : Because you were here yesterday!!

- **Karthik Bhushan (14), Udupi**



Teacher : Who is greater, mother or teacher?

Apoorva : Ma'am, teacher.

Teacher : Why?

Apoorva :

Because mother

takes more time to make a child sleep, but you make the students go to sleep easily.



Raja : What is Dr. Jekyll's favourite game?

Tina : Hyde and seek!

- **G.S. Anush (12) Sohar**

Teacher : What's the use of an alarm clock?

Student : Er... I don't know, ma'am.

Teacher : I'll give you a clue. What wakes you up in the morning?

Student : Our milkman!

- **Madhavi K. (12), Bangalore**



Geography Teacher :

Anil, your hair has grown like a forest. Why don't you have a haircut?

Anil : No, ma'am, I don't like to cut it.

Teacher : Why?

Anil : If I cut my hair, it'll be like deforestation.

- **Nishchal M. (14), Alike**



Ram : What is a sleeping pill called?

Rohini : A bull-dozer!

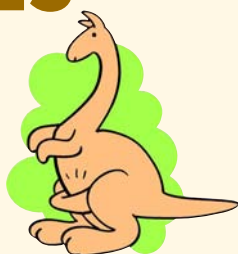
- **Susmit Chakraborty (13), Dhubri, Assam**



# RIDDLES

1. What did the kangaroo say when he found that his baby was missing?

◆◆◆



2. Where are kings usually crowned?

- Madhavi K. (12), Bangalore

3. If two is company and three is a crowd, then what are four and five?



- Susmita Chakraborty (13), Dhubri, Assam



4. Where do ghosts go for a swim?

- G.S. Anush (11), Sohar

5. What is black when it is clean and white when it is dirty?

◆◆◆

6. What dress does every one have but none wears?



- Panneru Arvind (12), Kharagpur

7. What is it that is always coming, but never arrives?

◆◆◆



8. Three plus three makes six. When does it become seven?

9. Why do witches carry brooms?

- Tanushree Krishna (13), Hosur



# NUMBER CROSSWORD

Insert numerals in the blank squares, so that all the calculations across or down are correct.

	X		÷		=	12
+		+		+		X
	+		÷	3	=	
÷		÷		-		÷
	+	9	÷		=	
=		=		=		=
	X		+		=	

- G.T. Kumar (14), Jaggayyapet

1. I've been pick-pocketed! 2. On their heads, 3. Nine, 4. In the Dead Sea, 5. Blackboard, 6. Address, 7. Tomorrow, when it arrives it becomes today, 8. When the calculation is wrong. 9. Because vacuum-cleaners are too heavy to carry.

## ANSWER TO RIDDLES:

4	X	3	+	4	=	16
=		=		=		=
3	+	9	÷	2	=	6
÷		÷		-		÷
9	+	15	÷	3	=	8
+		+		+		X
3	X	12	÷	3	=	12

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD:





## RAKSHA BANDHAN

Commonly known as 'Rakhi', which actually is the thread tied by sisters on their brothers' wrist, *Raksha Bandhan* is symbolic of the affection between siblings. It is not a festival in the ordinary sense; the festivities are generally confined to the family when the sister ceremoniously ties the rakhi on her brother's wrist, and applies a *tilak* on his forehead wishing him long life. The brother, on his part, acknowledges her affection and assures her of his protection at all times and under all circumstances. The *rakhi* is sanctified with a *puja* before it is taken to be tied. Though the ceremony involves only the sister and brother, the other members of the family join in and the usual festivities—a feast, especially—follow to mark the coming together of the family.



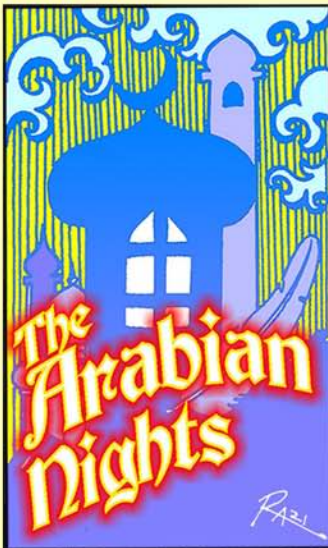
Raksha Bandhan is popular in north India, but the symbolism has caught up with people elsewhere, and sisters are seen calling on their brothers with a rakhi and receiving words of assurance. There is practically no religious connotation to this festival, but it has remained an age old tradition. In mythology, Yamuna, the sister of Yama, the lord of Death, tied a rakhi to ensure his immortality. It is said, the demon king Bali was a devotee of Vishnu. The lord left his abode, Vaikuntha, to guard the kingdom of Bali. Vishnu's consort, Lakshmi, was forlorn in his absence. So she dressed herself as a brahmin woman and tied a thread on the wrist of Bali, seeking his protection. When the truth was revealed to Bali, he entreated Vishnu to go back to Vaikuntha with Lakshmi.

In the *Mahabharata*, Draupadi ties a rakhi to Lord Krishna so that he would protect her and see to it that she does not become a widow. In Indian history, the oldest reference to Raksha Bandhan is the meeting between Alexander and the wife of King Porus when she tied a rakhi to his wrist to spare the life of her husband. The Greek conqueror appreciated the gesture.

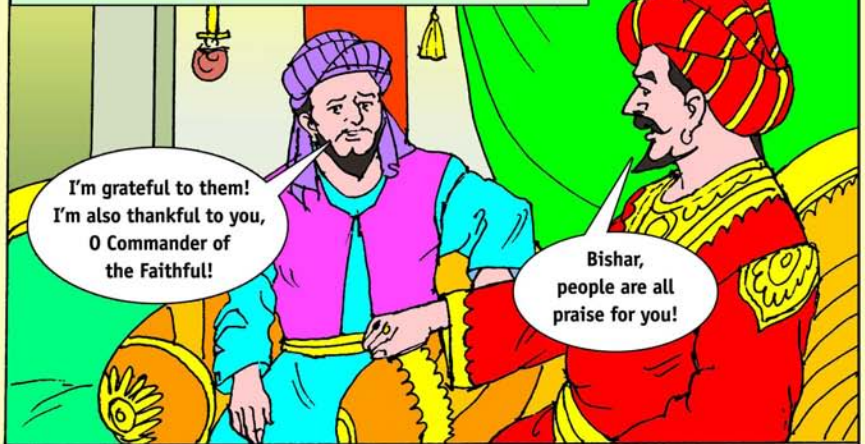
A prayer uttered by the sister when she ties the rakhi runs like this : "O Rakhi, I pray that you never falter in protecting your devotee." The ceremony, unique to India, makes the bonds between sister and brother ever stronger.

Raksha Bandhan this year comes off on August 9.





Bishar was a generous-hearted man. Many received gifts or help from him. Noblemen welcomed him in their houses. The Caliph was no exception.



Misfortune dogged Bishar. Those who borrowed money from him failed to return the loans.

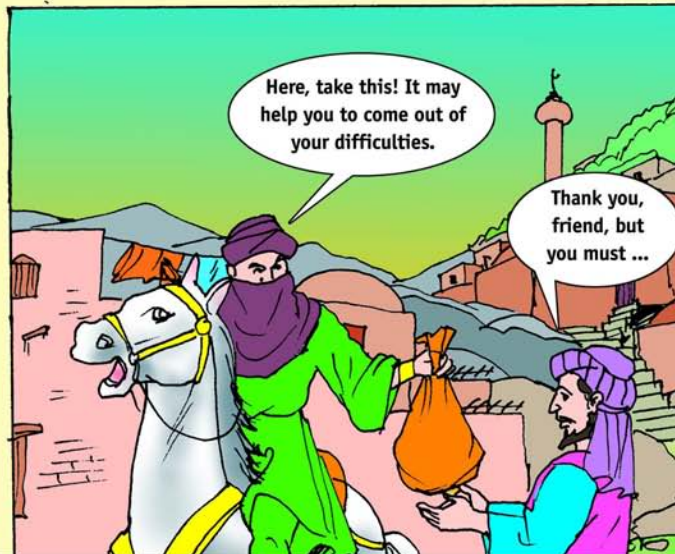
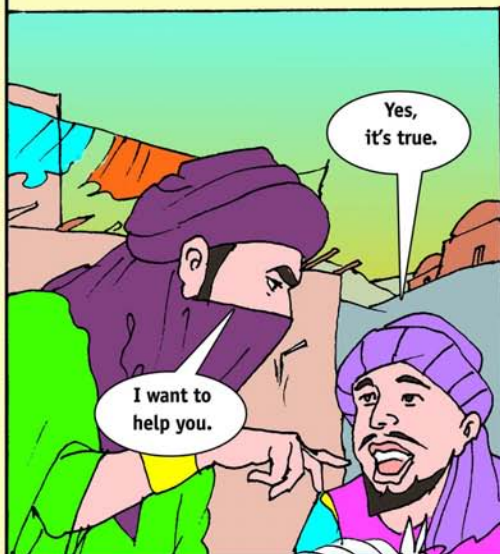
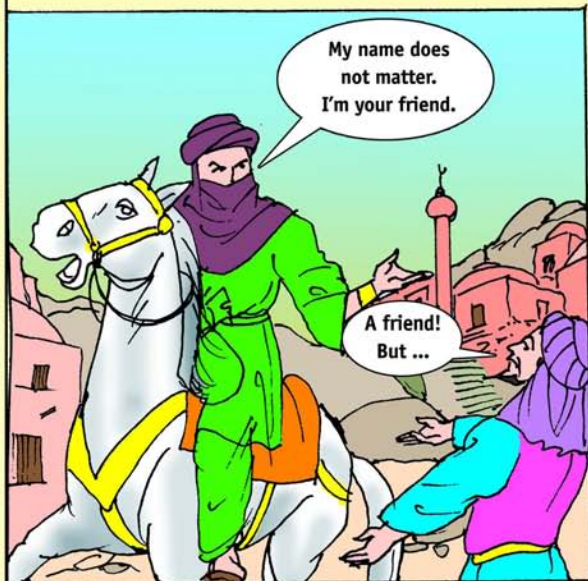




It was a dark night. There was a knock on the door. Bishar ignored the call for sometime.



With great reluctance, Bishar opened the door.





















# GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

**N**arada got startled and disgusted. “What! Must you throw such a nasty curse upon me although I have caused no harm to you? Very well, I say that you’re unworthy of entering heaven. You’ll always remain confined to the earth!” uttered Narada in the way of casting a curse on Parvat.

Parvat left King Sanjay’s palace in a huff.

A fortnight later the king asked his ministers to find out a suitable prince for marrying Princess Madayanti. The ministers informed him that several princes were eager to marry her. The problem was, not to find one but to reject so many!

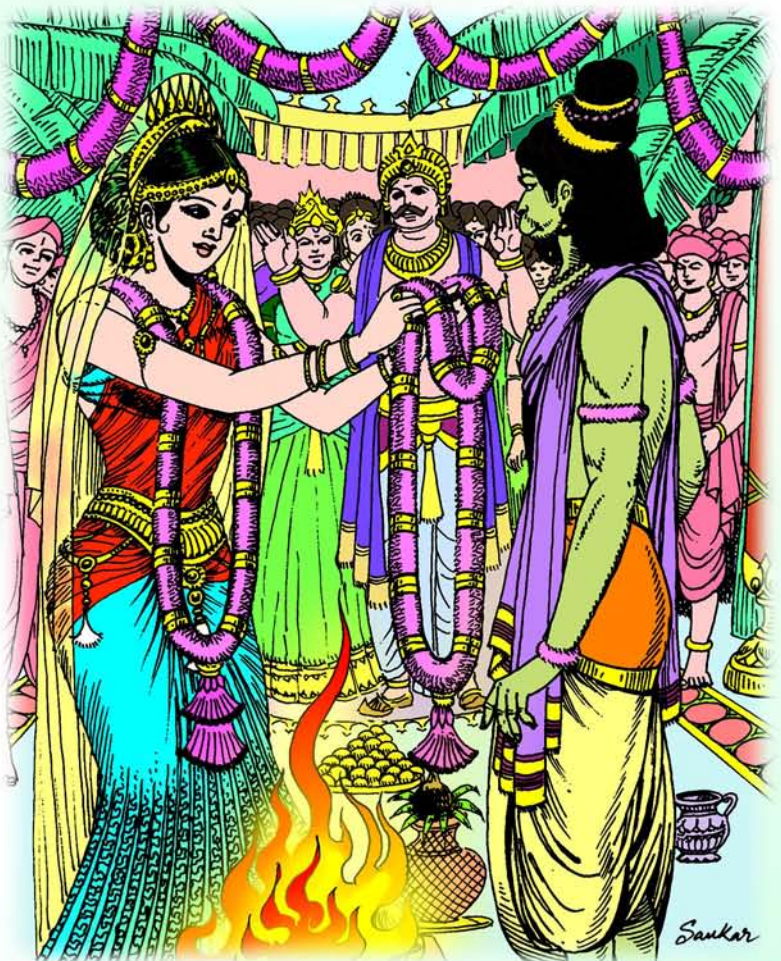
But when the princess heard about the king looking for a match for her, she told one of her maids that she would marry none else than Narada.

The word reached the king who was taken aback. “How could the princess take such a decision? Narada is not only a wandering mendicant, but lately he had come to resemble a monkey in his face because of some strange malady. How can I let my beautiful daughter marry him?”

At the king’s behest, the friends of Madayanti tried to persuade her to change her mind, “So many handsome and worthy princes are eager to marry you. Why don’t you choose the best one of them? Your marriage with Narada will shock us all. Also, it’ll make you a laughing-stock of the people,” they said.

“If I am not allowed to marry Narada, I shall be shocked to death. So far as my becoming a laughing-stock is concerned, I don’t care!” she said.

“But why should you reject the princes and marry a wandering mendicant who has grown ugly?” the maids argued.



“In which way are the princes better than Narada? Aren’t they slaves of their wealth and power? They while away their time in those idle merriments for which I have no attraction. Narada is a sage. He is a genius in music. True, he has grown ugly. But I had begun to love him before he came under this spell, and my love remains undiminished,” stated the princess.

The king did not want to go against his daughter’s firm wish. The princess was, therefore, duly married to Narada.

Narada continued to live in his father-in-law’s palace. Although he felt aggrieved on account of his appearance,

## 31. WHEN NARADA TURNED A WOMAN



the princess did not mind it. Sage Parvat soon repented his conduct towards Narada. He came back to King Sanjay's palace after some months and sat in meditation and nullified his own curse.

Narada looked normal once again. All became very happy. Narada, too, withdrew his curse and Parvat was able to visit heaven again.

After narrating the story to Vyasa, Narada said in conclusion.

"Imagine my humiliation when I had to pass my days looking like a monkey! It is Maya that kept me tied to the life in the palace despite my pitiable condition!"

Narada thereafter proceeded to narrate yet another incident in his life:

Once he went to see Vishnu. Lakshmi who was then talking to him suddenly left the place at Narada's approach.

Narada took this as an insult. "My lord," he said plaintively, "am I an unfamiliar and ordinary visitor that goddess Lakshmi should avoid me? Am I not an ascetic who is in full control of his senses?"

Vishnu smiled and said, "Never mind Lakshmi's conduct, Narada, it is nothing but habit that took her away. But are you sure of having full mastery over your senses? Don't you think that you, too, can come under the spell of Maya?"

"I don't think so. However, won't you once demonstrate the power of Maya to me?" asked Narada.

"Why not?" said Vishnu.

Vishnu took Narada along with him and reached a certain area in the land of Kanyakubja. They saw a lake adorned with lotuses.

"Narada, enjoy a dip in this lake. Then we will proceed to the nearby city," suggested Vishnu.

Narada kept his Veena on a slab of stone and plunged into the water. When he came ashore he had forgotten who he was. Vishnu was not there, nor did Narada remember Him.

Suddenly a king approached her. "Who are you, O lonely damsel?" asked the surprised king.

Narada understood that he was now a woman who had forgotten all about herself.

Narada blushed and said nothing.

The king got the impression that what he saw was a nymph who had been exiled to the earth for some wrong conduct. He led the lady to his castle and married her. She gave birth to twelve children and lived happily.

One day the castle was fiercely attacked by an enemy force. It could not be protected. The queen saw her husband falling in the battle. Her children, too, were killed before her eyes. Unable to bear her sorrow, the queen jumped into a lake.

Narada raised his head from the water. He saw Vishnu waiting for him. The veena lay where he had left it.

"Narada! You took quite some time for a dip!" remarked Vishnu when Narada climbed to the bank.

"O God!" exclaimed Narada. "Now I know what Maya is!"

*(Continued)*







FROM ANDHRA PRADESH

# LUCK AT LAST!

**K**ing Veerabhadra was a very kind-hearted ruler. He never hesitated to give money to people whom he thought really needed help. Like someone who wanted to start a new business, or who wished to take his family on a long pilgrimage or who had been ill for long and who did not have the wherewithal for treatment any longer.

Wonder of wonders, they all went back to the king to tell him that the new business had prospered, that the family could visit many temples and receive divine blessings

or he had recovered from his illness and would now be able to earn a livelihood. The king was happy that the timely help extended by him had had the expected result.

However, he was left with one sorrow. Veerabhadra had a distant cousin, Veeramurthi, who was rather poor. The king really wished to help him, but the person was never able to make full use of his help. The cousin was good at hunting; he also composed verses on different subjects and recited them before the king who was fond of poetry.

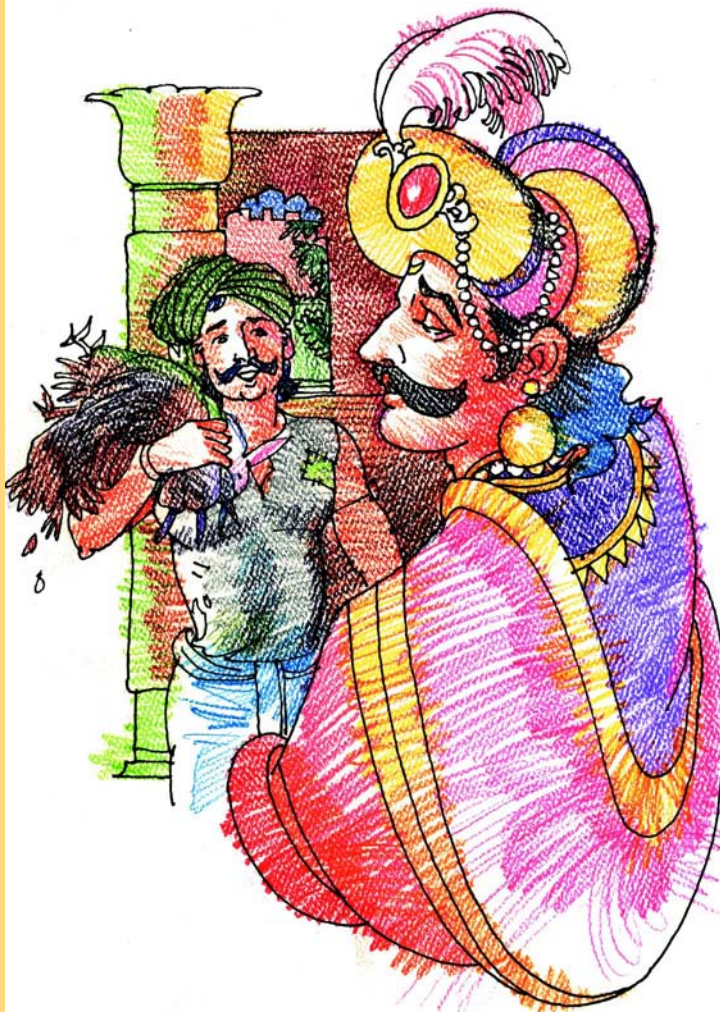
He rewarded him whenever he came back from hunt or recited a new poem. But before he could put the money to good use, either it would be stolen or the man would lose the money-bag on his way home. So much so, he always remained poor. Whenever he appeared at the palace, the king found him slovenly dressed or hungry.

One day, Veeramurthi, after a successful hunt, brought a lot of game. Veerabhadra was mightily pleased. He wanted to reward the man in the presence of his courtiers. So, he summoned all of them and said: "You all know my cousin, Veeramurthi. Today, he bagged a number of animals during the hunt and he has exhibited his prowess. I wish to reward him in your presence!"

The king then solemnly handed him a bright-looking orange. He sent his cousin away with a broad smile.

Veeramurthi bowed and thanked him and left the court. There was a murmur in the court. Was the king playing a practical joke on his poor cousin? The king heard the murmur but did not take notice of it. Neither the cousin nor the courtiers were aware of the fact that it was no ordinary orange, and it contained precious stones.

Veeramurthi did not give a second thought to the reward he got from the king; after all the king had praised





his prowess in front of the courtiers. He took that as a bigger reward than a mere orange. He dropped it in his bag and went home.

On the way, he came upon a mendicant who extended his begging bowl to him. As Veeramurthi did not have any money with him, he pulled out the orange and placed it in the bowl. "You must be hungry, you may eat it." Veeramurthi then went his way.

The mendicant was surprised that the orange was weighing unusually heavy. As it was looking very bright, he thought he would take it to the king. The palace guards, who were aware of the king's charitable disposition, allowed the mendicant to go in.

When he entered the court, the king received him with great reverence, and made him sit down. Before he could speak, the mendicant took out the golden orange and said, "Your majesty, please accept this gift from a poor mendicant, but it comes to you with my blessings. May you live long!"

One look at the orange and Veerabhadra knew that his cousin was not lucky and he had failed to know the value of the orange. He accepted the orange from the mendicant and gave him a bag containing silver coins. He thanked the king and left the court.

When a royal hunt was announced, Veeramurthi joined the entourage. This time, the game he bagged was not any less than that of the previous hunt. The king once again gave him the orange.

Veeramurthi thought it was a different one. So, he put it in his bag and left the court. Before he reached the gates, he accosted a courtier. He was chewing *pan*. "Do you have one to spare?" Veeramurthi asked him. He, in turn, gave the orange to the courtier.

The courtier accepted it with a chuckle. He knew what he would do with it. He promptly went back to the court and gave the orange to the king, and told him how he got it from his cousin in exchange for a *pan*. "You had given the orange to him twice, but your cousin did not keep it for himself. There's no use trying to help him, your majesty! He'll never succeed in life."

After another royal hunt, Veerabhadra handed the orange to his cousin a third time, vowing to himself that it



would be the last time he helped him. As Veeramurthi took it from the king's palm, the orange fell down and broke into pieces. Out fell the precious stones inside.

"I'm sorry, your majesty," he said as he knelt to pick up the precious stones one after another. He was at the same time amazed. He looked at the king's face, which now had a broad smile. "Your luck has changed, my dear cousin," he said. "Every time I tried to help you, you nearly refused to take it. You gave away the orange to others! Now you will prosper."

King Veerabhadra sent him away with enough gold to last a lifetime. Veeramurthi soon became a wealthy man, but decided to emulate his cousin—to be helpful to the needy.





## VEERABAHU'S CLEVER STRATEGY

**V**eerabahu was a hard-working farmer. He had his own land in which he regularly raised crops and sold the produce in the market. It so happened that in a particular year the monsoon failed and so, he raised maize instead of paddy that year. Harvesting time approached. Many farmers who had cultivated paddy were badly affected due to monsoon failure. There was a famine-like situation in the entire village. Some unscrupulous fellows resorted to steal the foodgrains from the fields at night. So, Veerabahu had to remain vigilant.

One night, while he was keeping a watch at his field, he observed four persons stealthily entering his field and stealing the maize. He recognised them as belonging to his village only. Among them was a Brahmin, a merchant, a policeman and a fourth one another farmer like himself.

Veerabahu wanted to pounce on them, but he checked himself. He realized that he could not confront four persons at a time. He thought for a while and thought of a clever strategy to take on all of them.

He went to them and spoke to the Brahmin first. "Panditji! Should you take the trouble of

cutting the maize yourself? Had you told me, I would have sent ten bags to your house. Well! Take as much as you want!" The Brahmin felt relieved and went on with his job.

Veerabahu then went up to the policeman. "Sir! You're one of the esteemed guardians of our village. If you had requested me, I would have sent twenty bags of maize to your house. Anyway, take as much as you want!" The policeman, on hearing this, no longer suffered from the pangs of guilt and started cutting the crop with gay abandon.

Veerabahu then turned to the merchant. "Sir! Don't hesitate to take maize from my field! You can even take thirty bags! After all, you're one person who supplies groceries to my household. This is only a small return for what you do for us every day!"

The merchant was flattered with those words and thought it was his right to collect maize from Veerabahu's field.

Veerabahu's treatment of the farmer was different. He shouted at him, "You scoundrel! You're yourself a farmer; aren't you ashamed to steal maize from the field of another farmer? I won't leave you so easily. Come, I shall take you



to my mother. Let her decide whether to pardon or punish you!"

As expected by Veerabahu, the other thieves did not go to the rescue of the farmer, because they had already been reassured by Veerabahu that they were entitled to take maize from his field. They thought only their farmer colleague was at fault. So, they remained mute witnesses when Veerabahu dragged him to his mother.

Veerabahu returned soon. He spoke to the Brahmin. "Panditji! My mother says that you can take maize from my field only after performing a rite at my house. Please, come and convince her that you'll do it at a later date!" So the Brahmin went along with Veerabahu at once.

In a short while, Veerabahu was back. Now, he addressed the merchant. "Sir, my mother says that she never took any groceries from your shop. Please come with me and sort out the issue!" The merchant thought that the old lady had poor memory and that he could convince her. So he followed Veerabahu.

Veerabahu was back again after sometime! But this time he carried a club in his hand. The policeman who was then alone smelt a rat. The man coming with a club was no longer the same gentle Veerabahu. The way he was wielding his

club menacingly made his intentions clear. The policeman panicked and started running away. But Veerabahu closed in on him and beat him with his club.

"You rascal! It's your duty to protect citizens like me from being robbed. How the hell have you turned a robber yourself?"

"Leave me!" shrieked the policeman in pain. "Please, take me to your mother! Let her pardon me as she has done in the case of the other three!"

"What? Do you think she has pardoned the others?" said Veerabahu.

"Come on! I'll now take you to the others! Look for yourself!" He then dragged the warrior towards his hut. There, he found his colleagues in a much more miserable condition with bruises all over their body.

Veerabahu told to them, "You fools! When I said mother, I meant my land that feeds me. Now, I shall teach all of you a lesson which you will never forget in your life!" He then called his friends who came running.

They joined together and took the four thieves to the king and got them put in prison. Thus, Veerabahu could nab the thieves with his clever strategy.







# LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!

I'm so poor I can't even pay attention.

- Unknown



Patient: "Doctor, Doctor! Have you got something for a bad headache?"  
 Doctor: "Of course, just take this hammer and hit yourself on the head. Then you'll get a bad headache."

Sethji was trying to sell his house, but without success. One day he prised out a brick from the wall of his house. "Why did you do that?" asked his wife, appalled.

"Oh, foolish woman, what do you know?" said Sethji. "To sell anything, you've to show a sample. I propose to show this brick as a sample of our house."



Jimmy went to his uncle's house. At breakfast, his plate looked dirty. He asked his uncle if it was clean. His uncle replied, "They are as clean as warm water and soap can get them."

When Jimmy left the next day, two dogs blocked his way. Jimmy's uncle then shouted out, "Warm Water, Soap, go lie down!"

## DUSHTU DATTU

Dattu has been dragged to an art exhibition, where he finds the going tough...



He decides to ask the man next to him, who turns out to be the artist himself.



Pat comes the next question, leaving the artist speechless!





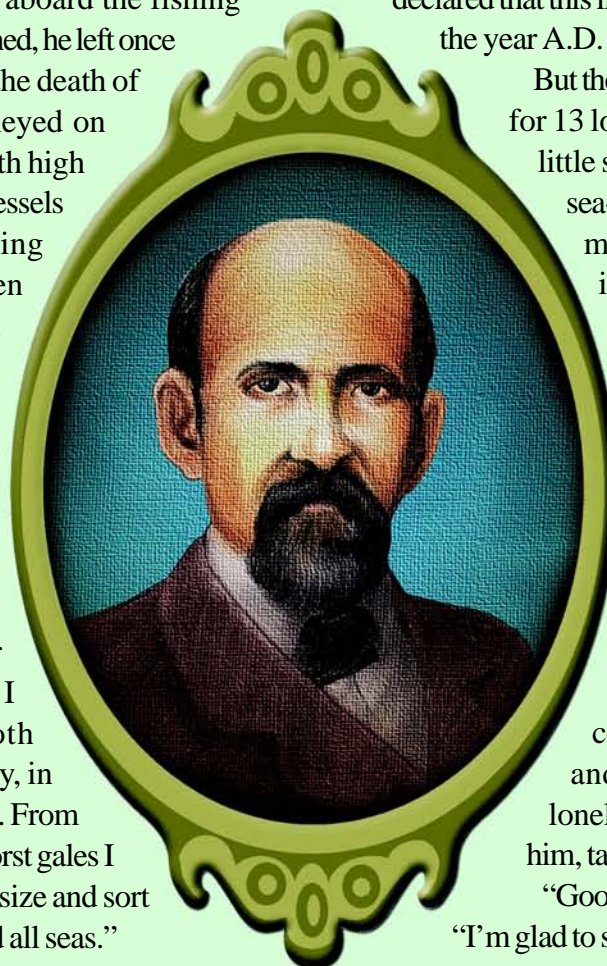
# THE BRAVEST MARINER AND THE APPARITION



**T**he *Spray* will come back!" exclaimed a sincere well-wisher as the little boat with its solitary crew left the shores of Boston. It was a pleasant afternoon of April 24, 1895 and a fair wind was blowing across the sea. In his sloop called *Spray*, 51-year-old Joshua Slocum had set off on a most daring adventure. He dreamed of sailing around the world all alone.

Slocum was born on February 20, 1844 in Wilmot in the Annapolis County of Nova Scotia, North America. When still a little boy, he was charmed by the sea and its far horizons always beckoned him. At the age of 10, he ran away from home to work aboard the fishing schooners. Though he later returned, he left once again for good when 16, after the death of his mother in 1860. He journeyed on deep-water tall ships, boats with high masts and sails, and merchant vessels across the continents covering important trade routes between Britain and far eastern countries. Gradually he gained much experience in the hazardous sea voyages and in ship-building.

"I was born in the breezes, and I had studied the sea as perhaps few men have studied it, neglecting all else," he said. "Next in attractiveness, after seafaring, came ship-building. I longed to be master in both professions, and in a small way, in time, I accomplished my desire. From the decks of stout ships in the worst gales I had made calculations as to the size and sort of ship safest for all weather and all seas."



Before long, young Joshua Slocum had steadfastly worked his way up from an ordinary seaman to chief mate and then to captain, commanding a host of vessels, including the famous *Northern Light* of which he was part owner and which was then "the finest American ship afloat". Later, he made San Francisco his home port and opted for the citizenship of the United States of America.

Once, while in Boston, a good friend offered him an old vessel. It was a veritable piece of antique needing thorough repairs. The people of the locality always jovially declared that this little boat had in fact been built in the year A.D. 1; so ancient were its looks!

But the determined captain persevered for 13 long months and rebuilt the old little sloop called *Spray* and made it sea-worthy. All were amazed at his marvellous enterprise and ingenuity. Now the intrepid mariner had a bizarre idea. He decided to sail the little ship single-handedly around the world. Will he be able to fulfil his courageous dream?

With her white graceful sails fully unfurled, the 36 ft long *Spray* and her master were soon gliding smoothly along their great challenging course. A few months flew past and the captain, to forget the loneliness that often overwhelmed him, talked to the rising moon.

"Good evening, Sir," he would greet, "I'm glad to see you." Often he would sing at



the top of his voice and so sweet and musical were his songs that the jolly porpoises and dolphins leaped from the sea and gambolled all around.

The good old turtles with big round eyes popped their heads up out of the water nodding their appreciation, and the sea-birds flew past chirruping in delight. The solitude often wore off when a gale struck and there was much work to do, but returned again with the setting in of fine weather.

One day the lonesome mariner felt very unwell, indeed. He suffered from painful cramps and was delirious with fever. So, he descended into the cabin below and stretched himself on the floor to rest his aching limbs. While he was thus in a swoon, the boat plunged into a

fierce storm and turbulent sea. He got up with a start and to his awe and amazement he saw the outline of a tall stranger at the helm. His strong rigid hands grasped the spokes of the wheel and held them steady in a vice-like grip. He wore a sailor's apparel and a large red, pointed cap on his head. Long shaggy drooping whiskers adorned his unearthly face.

'Who is he? Is he a terrifying pirate?' wondered Joshua Slocum forgetting the battering storm and staring at the fearful form.

"Good Sir," said the visitor taking off his cap. "I have come to do you no harm. I am a crew of Christopher Columbus and the pilot of one of his ships, the *Pinta*. Repose yourself well, O captain, and don't worry. I will steer your ship through the gale tonight."

Captain Slocum woke up into a clear and bright morning. There was no sign of the storm or of the extraordinary visitor. He had disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared in the middle of the raging ocean. But astonishingly, the *Spray* was still heading exactly on right course in spite of the terrible gale the previous night. Who was this baffling stranger who came to his aid and probably saved him from certain disaster? Was it just a ghostly apparition? Was he really the pilot of the great explorer's ship that sailed these waters more than four hundred years ago? It remained inexplicable.

But later when Slocum, still feeling tired and weak, had dozed off for a while, then his old friend of the night before came to him again, this time, of course in a dream. "You did well last night to take my advice," said he, "and if you would, I should like to be with you on the voyage, for the love of adventure alone." He then took off his red cap and stroking his bushy moustache just vanished. The captain suddenly woke up from his reverie as a fierce wind was blowing over the sea.

Soon the weather became fine and fair and the little sloop and her master happily continued on their way, but not for long. Savages in their canoes were pursuing them in great speed. When in ear-shot distance, a bow-legged barbarian stood up and shouted, "Yammerschooner!" He was trying to say in his dialect to give away one's possessions.





“No! No!” bravely replied Joshua Slocum and went into his cabin. But he soon came out completely disguised as another person with a gun in hand. Next very cleverly and unobserved, he placed on the deck a piece of wood dressed up as a seaman. With the pull of the string attached to it, the puppet which looked almost real could be put to motion.

“So there are three men and there could be more!” said the savage. He was Black Pedro, the notorious pirate wanted by the authorities for several bloody massacres. The master of the *Spray* fired his gun and the bullet swished past the canoes. That was enough to instil fear into the swindlers and they rowed away as fast as they could into their secret haunts.

Before long, “the *Spray* neared Cape Pillar rapidly and, nothing loath, plunged into the Pacific Ocean at once, taking her first bath of it in the gathering storm,” wrote Joshua Slocum. “There was no turning back even had I wished to do so, for the land was now shut out by the darkness of night. ....The sea was confused and treacherous. In such time as this, the old fisherman prayed, ‘Remember, Lord, my ship is small and thy sea is so wide!’ I now saw only the gleaming crests of the waves. They showed white teeth while the sloop balanced over them....The *Spray*, stripped of her sails, then bore off under bare poles. No ship in the world could have stood against so violent a gale.” Then he concludes, “God knows how my vessel escaped.”

With hungry sharks following the boat, dolphins frolicking around it and flying fish landing on the deck, the determined captain reached the island of Robinson Crusoe and visited the cave where the great voyager dwelt. Then anchoring at Apia in the kingdom of Samoa, he was warmly and sweetly welcomed by singing men and women.

One of the fairer ones, unable to believe that he had been journeying alone, naively asked: “What happened to the others? Did you eat them up?” Then the captain paid a visit to the home of Robert Louis Stevenson whose tales he had always admired and had been relishing during the voyage. He was delighted to receive some gift of books from Mrs. Stevenson.

Then, after some days of smooth sailing, the *Spray*



touched the shore of St. Helena. He was welcomed with great honour by the governor himself and put up for the night in the very room in the royal palace where the great emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, lived long ago. He was left there with the warning that the chamber was a haunted one. “For the rest of the chilly night,” said Slocum, “I kept a candle burning, and often looked from under the blankets, thinking that maybe I should meet the great Napoleon face to face...” But to his disappointment, the emperor never made his ghostly appearance.

The daring mariner and his little sloop reached their final destination in Newport, Rhode Island, on June 27, 1898 after a cruise of more than 46,000 miles around the world in exactly three years, two months and two days. This historic achievement made Captain Joshua Slocum one of the finest sailors and the bravest adventurers.

But all adventures must come to an end – and his adventure came to a mysterious end. In 1909 he sailed across the Amazon in his same old familiar vessel – but only to disappear in the unknown.

- AKD





# WARSHIP VASA

... IT NEVER SAILED THE HIGH SEAS  
NOR DID IT FIRE A SINGLE SHOT

**K**ing Gustavus Adolphus was crowned the King of Sweden in 1611. The times were difficult and he was only 17. Yet he led the nation from the front, won victories on the battlefield and ended all threats to the nation. The people felt proud to have such a daring young man as their king.

King Gustavus was raring to go. He set down to strengthen Sweden's armed might. The army was in fine mettle. But the navy was in poor shape. He consulted his advisers. They told him what needed to be done.

A beginning was made in 1624. The king engaged the famous Dutch shipbuilder Henrik Hybertsson. "I need your help," he told the designer. "I want to build a strong naval force. For that we need ships that are sleeker. The ships should be strong and sturdy, carry men and weapons, sail the high seas at high speed so as to elude or evade attack by enemy ships."



Henrik was delighted. For him, it was a god-sent chance. He had in his head the design for a ship that would be far ahead of the times. King Gustavus offered him just that chance. He readily agreed.



In those days, ships were made of wood. Many oak trees were felled. They were carted to the warehouse close to the Stockholm harbour. An army of carpenters got down to shaping the wood. Henrik planned a ship about 41 metres long. The ship's base had a

slim body. It had tapering ends. So, argued the designer, the ship would attain greater speed. Some others differed. They said, "Don't make it too narrow at the bottom. A ship needs enough belly to remain buoyant." They were ticked off for being totally out of tune with the times. The sleek form for the ship was considered an improvement in the right direction.

Perhaps Henrik could have indeed succeeded with his design. But midway through, he went down with a serious malady. He never recovered. The task of continuing the work was assigned to another shipbuilder. He had no records of what had already been done. He was still trying to get a feel of the work when the king started demanding that the work be speeded up. "You are taking too much time," he complained.

People worked overtime to get the ship ready. The king came up with new demands, almost every day. "I want forty-eight 24 pound cannons and 24 smaller guns." The ship was not designed to take on such heavy loads. The man in charge tried to warn the king of the risks. But the king would not listen. So, the builder raised a second gun deck.

By the Spring of 1628, the ship was ready. The king named it after his grandfather Vasa. It swung with every passing wind, trying to free itself from the chains that held it to the wharf at Stockholm. Motifs of lions, the family shield, were painted boldly on the stern of the ship. Pictures of lions decorated the sharp nose of the prow. The gun ports showed designs of lions. Pictures of lions were there everywhere. A wag noticed it and quietly chuckled, "But is the lion the right one to take to the high seas?"

The king decided to launch the ship on August 10, 1628.





It was a bright sunny day. The harbour wore a festive look. Thousands of people gathered to watch the ship sail off gracefully. The scene was picture perfect. Yet to professional sailors, the shape and size of the ship gave the jitters. The ship was only 41m long, but its height was about 50 m. The *Vasa* certainly seemed to them unfit to sail the seas.

The crowd cheered when the ship, with naval ratings and also some members of their families on board began moving. The family was to get off once the ship moved into the open sea. The bell was sounded. The chains clanged when they were taken off the ship's hooks. The ship inched away from the wharf.

Then the unexpected happened. A wild gust of wind ran down the hills overlooking the wharf. The wind hit the ship with full force. The ship tilted. Water entered through the open gun ports at the lowest deck. Almost instantly the ship started sliding into the waters. Those on the wharf turned witness to its tragedy. The ship gained a dubious honour. It became a warship that never ever sailed the high seas.

The king fumed in rage. He ordered an enquiry to fix responsibility. But soon the enquiry was dropped. Then the facts tumbled out. The king could not be concealed. He had insisted on changes in the design. He had demanded that more guns be taken on board. These demands proved disastrous. The ship sank before it got out into the sea. It had covered just 1,300 m.

Some people on board were rescued. But quite a few went down with the ship. Most of the guns were retrieved in 1664. But the ship lay at the bottom of the Baltic Sea, close to the harbour.

There it might have remained but for the sharp eye of an engineer, Anders Franzen. He knew a lot about pests that dine merrily on wood. While sailing close to the harbour, he noticed a piece of driftwood eaten up by a teredo worm. His curiosity was roused. He had never found the

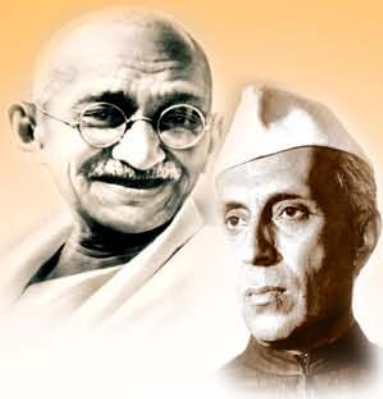
worm in the Baltics, yet here was proof that worms were finding food at the bottom of the sea. Then he remembered the fate of the *Vasa*. Was it possible that the ship was in good condition? He came up with a project to salvage the ship. Work began in August 1959. It took two more years to make the ship waterproof before it could be lifted. It took another seventeen years to secure the ship against corrosion and quick disintegration.

Today the warship that never sailed nor fired a shot is housed at the Vasa Museum in Stockholm. It gives us one message: "Kings may be powerful. But more powerful are the laws of nature." - **R.K.Murthi**



**MAHE**





# OUR NATIONAL FLAG

**Would you believe that our country did not have a flag of its own till it got Independence on August 15, 1947? India was not one country till then. The Indian subcontinent had many kingdoms, each of which was ruled by one dynasty or the other. Sometimes they were invaded, and if the invader was successful, he began ruling the kingdom. The dynasty or the invader had their flag which flew from the capital of the kingdom. Britain was not an invader in that sense, but India was, for a long time, a British colony. A time came when the people wanted the foreign rulers to leave India. Thus began a struggle for freedom. During this freedom movement, the leaders also thought of a national flag which would fly from every nook and corner once the country was free from foreign rule.**

A disciple of Swami Vivekananda, who called herself Sister Nivedita, was among the first to design a flag. It was square in shape, had a red background on which was pictured the weapon of Lord Indra, *Vajra* or the thunderbolt. The weapon was flanked by the words *Vande Mataram* in Bengali on either side. Sister Nivedita exhibited the flag at the annual session of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta (now Kolkata) in 1906.

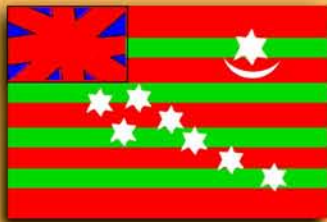


Later that year, there was a huge public rally in Calcutta presided over by Dadabhai Naoroji, when a tricolour flag was unfurled. It had three horizontal stripes—green, yellow and red. On the green stripe were eight half open white lotuses, representing the eight provinces of British India. In the middle yellow stripe were the words *Vande Mataram* in Devnagari script in blue. The bottom red stripe showed a sun and a crescent moon—symbols of Hinduism and Islam—in white.

In August 1907, the Second International Socialist Congress was being held in Stuttgart in Germany. The Indian delegate, Bhikhaiji Cama, made a fiery speech in favour of an independent India. She unfurled a tricolour in green, gold and red. She then called out, "Gentlemen, I call upon you to rise and salute this flag of Independent India!" The entire audience stood up and saluted the flag. Madame Cama explained that green was sacred to Muslims, golden saffron was sacred to Buddhists and Sikhs, and the red was sacred to Hindus. The middle band displayed *Vande Mataram* in Devnagari.

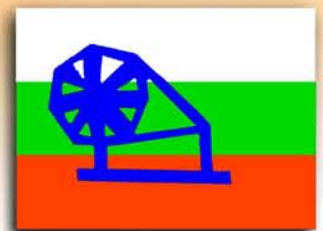






In 1917, Mrs. Annie Besant and Bal Gangadhar Tilak, who were promoting the Home Rule Movement, designed a flag which had five red and four green horizontal stripes arranged alternately with seven stars representing the Saptarishis. On the left hand corner was shown the British Union Jack, and at right were a crescent moon and star. This flag was unfurled at the Congress Session in Calcutta presided over by Mrs. Annie Besant.

The Indian National Congress, founded in 1885, which was spearheading the freedom movement, did not have a flag. In 1916, Pinglay Venkayya, hailing from Masulipatam in Andhra, wrote a book titled *A National Flag for India*. Mahatma Gandhi called him to Bezwada (now Vijayawada) where the Congress Session of 1921 was being held. He asked Venkayya to design a flag with two stripes—red and green—with a *charkha* or spinning wheel in the centre. Gandhiji realised that a third stripe to represent the minority religious groups should be added. This tricolour had a white band on top, green in the middle and red at the bottom, with the *charkha* spread over all three bands. This was the first flag of the Indian National Congress. It was unfurled at the Congress session in Ahmedabad late in 1921.



Though the Congress flag soon became popular, some Congressmen wished to make it more national. It was even suggested that the colours need not represent religious groups. The Congress Flag Committee in 1931 recommended a saffron band on top, white in the middle with a picture of a *charkha* in dark blue, and green at the bottom. It was explained that saffron represents courage and sacrifice, white stands for peace and truth, and green indicates faith and chivalry.

When it was known that the British were ready to transfer power, a committee of the Constituent Assembly recommended that the spinning wheel be replaced by the Dharma Chakra on Ashoka's Lion Capital at Sarnath, in dark blue. After Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru presented replicas of the flag in silk and khadi to the Assembly, the 'Nightingale of India' Sarojini Naidu spoke thus: "Under this flag, there is no difference between a prince and a peasant; between the rich and the poor; between man and woman." The entire Assembly rose and saluted the flag. The day was July 22, 1947.

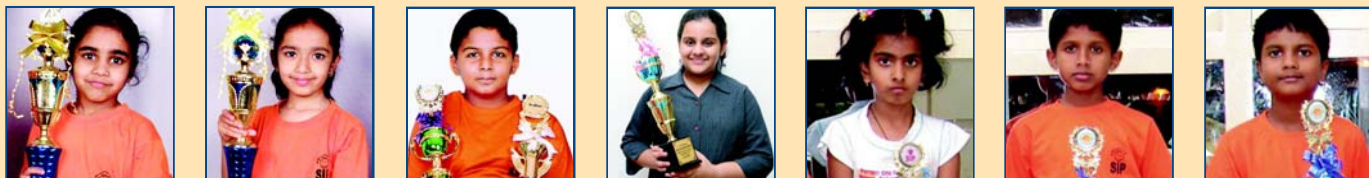


**Independence came on the midnight of August 14. The National Flag was hoisted on the central dome of the Parliament House (then called Council House), where the interim Council of Ministers headed by Jawaharlal Nehru took the oath of office. In the following afternoon, Pandit Nehru hoisted India's tricolour at the Princes Park near India Gate. The next morning (August 16), he unfurled the National Flag and addressed the nation from the ramparts of the Red Fort, a tradition that is continuing from 1948 till today.**



# Children IN THE NEWS

## INDIAN WINNERS AT BALI CONTEST



Seven children from India, aged between 7 and 12, who were entered in the 5th Annual International Abacus and Brain Gym Competition held in Bali, Indonesia, have come back with laurels. They are Simran Gawli (7) and Sejal Amrut (8) of Pune, Deep K. Hathi (12) and Isheeta Ranade (12) of Mumbai, and Smruti Inamdar (9), R.M.Sourabh (9) and Achyutha (10) of Bangalore. The competition was organised by SIP Academy SDN BHD, Malaysia; the 550 participants were drawn from Malaysia, Indonesia, the UAE and India. The Indian participants were sent up by SIP Academy India, which has 15,000 members attached to 300 Learning Centres in 15 States. The competition is a test of world class whole brain development, integrating various methods of learning techniques.

## COMPANY CHAIRMAN AT 14

Indian laws do not permit children to establish companies. So, Suhas Gopinath went away to California in the USA and started his software company called Globals. He was its Chairman and Executive Officer. He was only 14 then. Four years later, he is back in India, trying to shift the company to Bangalore, now the Silicon Valley of India. The Chief Minister of Karnataka has promised land and infrastructure facilities. Globals has more than 600 employees in 13 countries. The branch in India has 25 hands.



## YOUNGEST INTERNATIONAL MASTER



Parimarjan Negi of Delhi, at 12 years, is the world's youngest International Master. He reached his first Grandmaster norm at Hastings, near London. At the International Chess Tournament there, he defeated Israel's Grandmaster Sergey Erenberg in the fourth round. After his victory at Hastings, his rating went up to 2420. To become a GM, he will need two more norms and a rating of 2500.

## CHILDREN'S BRAVERY AWARD

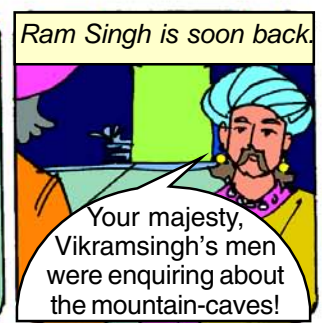
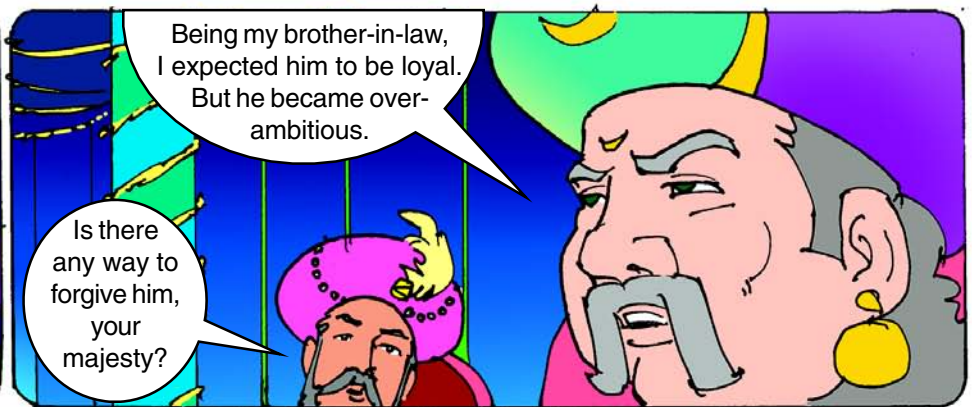
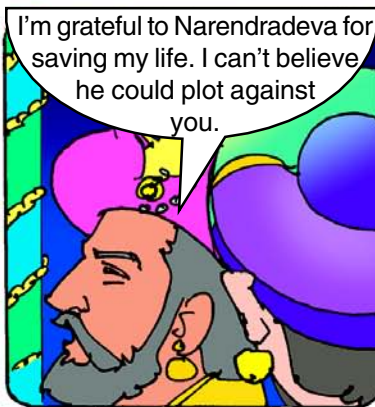
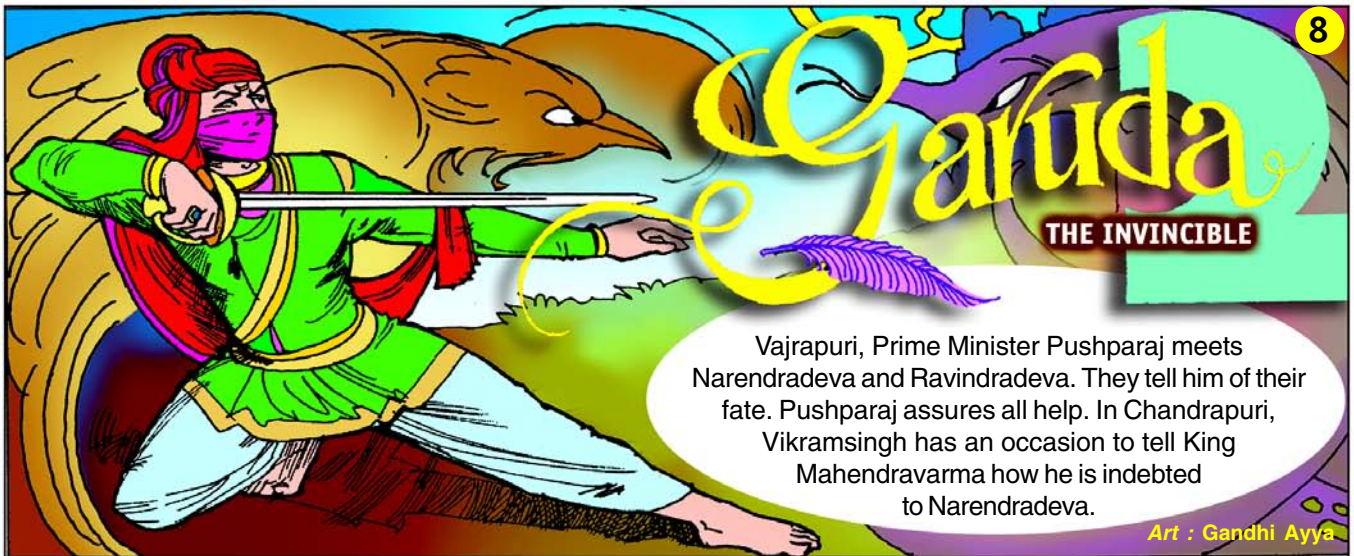
The Ghanshyam Binani Children's Bravery Award enters the sixth year in 2006. Deserving children below 16 years will be awarded a cash prize of Rs.51,000/-, a Medal of Valour, Certificate of recognition, and a Citation each. Nominations have to be backed by some authenticity in the form of documents, appreciation or coverage of the incident in the media. The act of bravery should have happened between May 1, 2005 and April 30, 2006. The nominations close on October 30, 2006.

More details can be had from:

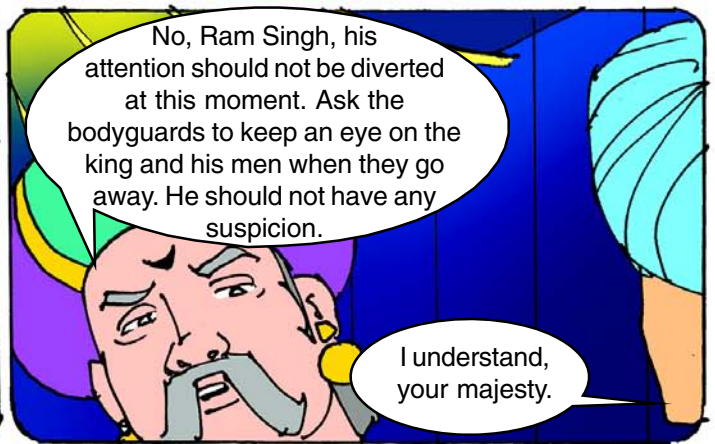
**Ghanshyam Binani Foundation**  
**Mercantile Chambers**  
**12, J.N.Heredia Marg, Ballard**  
**Estate, Mumbai-400 001.**

**E-mail: [bina@binaniindustries.com](mailto:bina@binaniindustries.com).**





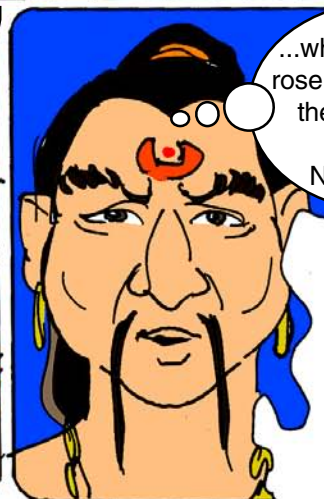
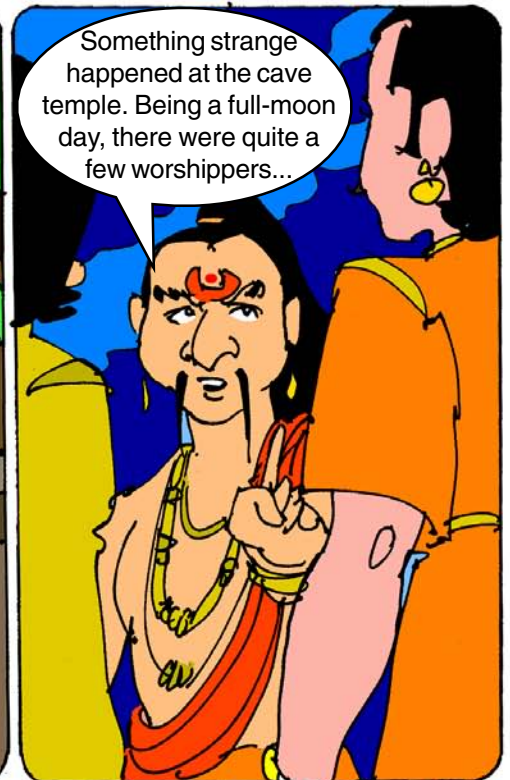




As Ravindradeva escorts Pushparaj out of the mountain-caves, they hear a voice.... STOP!



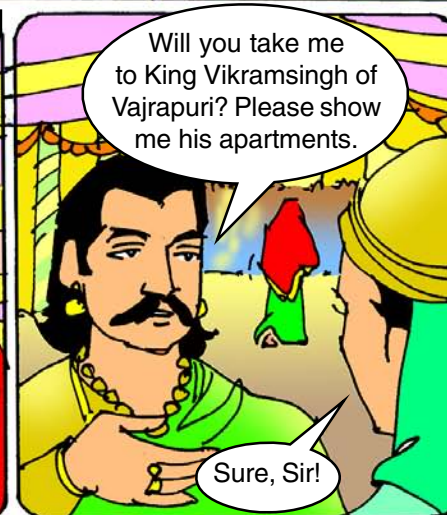
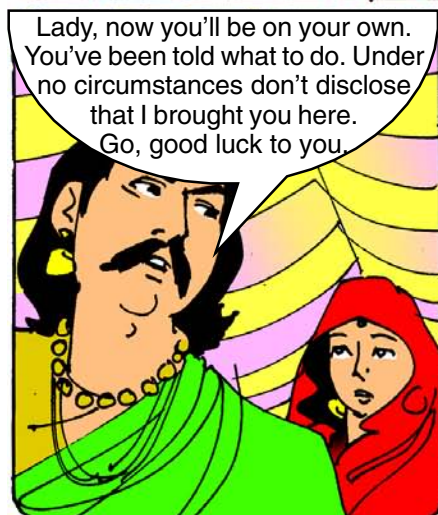
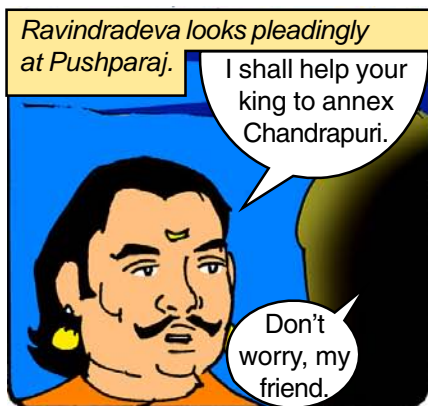
They turn around and see the Oracle, accompanied by a tribal girl.















## **WORLD CUP FOOTBALL**

# **VIVA ITALY!**



**Marco Materazzi (left) and Captain Fabio Cannavaro hold the Jules Rimet Cup aloft**

At the end of nearly 60 games played during 30 days by 32 teams, Italy are the world football champions. They will keep the Jules Rimet Cup for the next four years. For Italy, this was the fourth World Cup win. They were champions in the second World Cup of 1934; they repeated their success in the next tournament in 1938; they were also third time winners in 1982. They are behind only Brazil who have won the Cup five times. In the finals played on July 9 at Berlin, they beat France 5-3 in a penalty shoot out. At full time, the two teams stood 1-1.

The first goal in the game came from the French Captain Zinedine Zidane after 7 minutes of play. Italy levelled the score when Marco Materazzi scored the equaliser. The play had by then progressed only to the 19th minute. What was seen on the field in the remaining minutes of the first half was rugged play, full of fouls. Like, when the Italian Captain Fabio Cannavaro body-checked Thierry Henry and the Frenchman needed treatment. In the 80th minute of the game, Zidane left the field holding his right arm after a challenge from Cannavaro, also needing medical attention. One minute later, he came back to play. In the second half of the extra-time, he was sent off the field after the referee showed the red card.

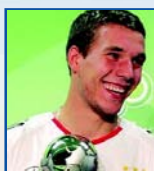
Incidentally, Germany beat Portugal to take the third place. The score was 3-1.

### **THE INDIVIDUAL WINNERS WERE:**



**Golden Ball – Zinedine Zidane**  
(France)

**Best young player – Lukas Podolski**  
(Germany)



**Golden Boot – Miroslav Klose**  
(Germany)

**Best goalie – Gianluigi Buffon**  
(Italy)



### **WORLD RECORDS MADE IN THE 2006 WORLD CUP:**



Number of World Cup goals - Ronaldo (Brazil) 15 goals (earlier record of 14 goals credited to Gerd Muller of W.Germany)

Goal in the dying minutes–Francisco Totti (Italy) scored with 5 seconds to go for the whistle in the pre-quarter play with Australia.



The landmark 2000<sup>th</sup> goal in World Cup was scored by Marcus Allback (Sweden) on June 21.

**Though now world champions, Italy is only 2nd in FIFA's rankings. Brazil remains at the top position.**

**THE 19<sup>TH</sup> WORLD CUP WILL BE HELD IN SOUTH AFRICA IN 2010.**





# CHANDAMAMA QUIZ ANSWERS

## QUIZ - 3:

1. In the court of Louix XIV of France (1643-1715)
2. In Yiyang, China - 416m long sleeping Buddha.
3. The Zamorin of Calicut and the King of Portugal. In 1498. The Zamorin asked for corals and scarlet cloth in exchange of pepper and precious stones.
4. Mukund, in the story "*Melody and Cacophony*".
5. George Welter, an American journalist, made the statement after he sneaked into the area devastated by the atom bomb - 1945.
6. The Manchu dynasty of China. The end came in February 1912.
7. Kalidasa, in Babakarpur in Orissa.
8. Nagaland.
9. Shiladitya, who founded the Suryavamshi dynasty.
10. When Prince Rajkirti of Ratnagiri is unable to give a satisfactory reply to the yogi, he curses him, "For your stupidity I shall turn you into a stone-pillar!" (*The Princes and the Pillars of Stone*)

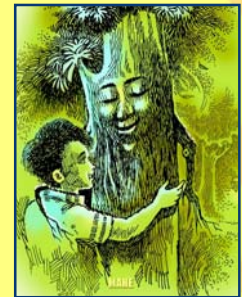


## WINNER

**The only all-correct entry was sent by PRABHAT RANJAN BEHERA (12) of Rourkela.**

## QUIZ-4 :

1. The royal astrologer to King Kamalnath of Suryapur, after examining the horoscopes of Prince Dinakar and Princess Madhulika of Ushapur.
2. Robert Astley, in "*Would Astley return?*" Prem Bahadur, the caretaker of Astley's mansion, saw him come back. But it was an apparition.
3. Chilika lake, in Orissa.
4. It is the 550-year-old banyan tree in Gudibayalu in Andhra Pradesh. It has 1,200 hanging roots.
5. In the Greek legend, nobleman Ancaesus was about to drink a cup of poisoned wine. He, however, lost his life, as prophesied by his slave, when a boar killed him before he could drink the wine.
6. The leaders of the American war of Independence. They were referring to King George III of England.
7. Divya, in the story "*The Bond of Love and Light*". As she had no brother, she tied a rakhi on a tree.
8. In Karaikudi, Tamil Nadu, one of the residences of the Chettiar community.
9. The German physicist, Kirchoff, to his banker, showing him the gold sovereigns he got as prize for his discovery of chemical elements in the sun.
10. From "*Friends of the Family*"



## WINNER

**Only one all-correct entry was received. It came from RAJI SARMA of Chembur, Mumbai - 400 071.**



# CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-8

Co-sponsored by Infosys<sup>®</sup> FOUNDATION, Bangalore

**All the questions are based on the contents of the issues of 2005.**

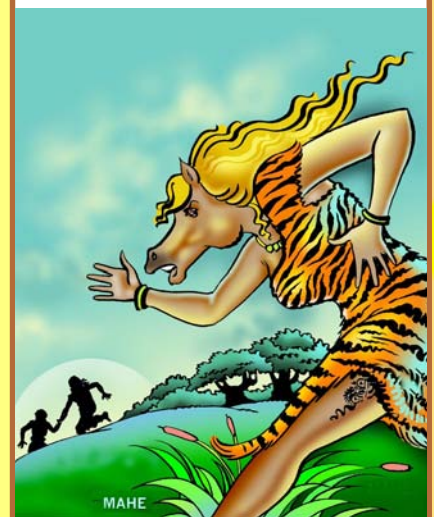
**What you should do:** 1. Write down the answers; 2. Mention your name, age (you should be below 16), full postal address with PIN Code; 3. Mention your subscriber number, if you are a subscriber; 4. Write on the envelope **CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-8** with your complete address; 5. Mail your entry to reach us by August 31, 2006; 6. The results will be published in the October issue.

**AN  
ALL-CORRECT  
ENTRY WILL  
FETCH A CASH  
PRIZE OF  
RS 250\***

\* If there are more than one all-correct entry, a lot will be taken to decide the prizewinner. However, the names of all those who have sent all-correct entries will be published.

1. In a city, the houses had "stars to light them which never went out". What is the name of the city?
2. What are "Four spirits" and "Five tastes"? Where will you find them?
3. "I haven't told half of what I saw." To whom will you attribute this statement?
4. A well-known physicist was 80 years old when he told a seminar, "Now I do not need to live any longer." He passed away the next month. Name the physicist.
5. Where would you go to see Urdu Mandir? What is it, really?
6. Why is Petli in Andhra Pradesh described as a village worth a pilgrimage?
7. What is Pula? Where will you find it?
8. "If you desire freedom for your homeland, you should agree to give up your freedom." Who are the two personalities alluded in this statement?
9. How did C. Mallikarjuna Reddi of Bangalore earn an entry in the *Guinness Book of World Records*?

10. Can you identify the picture? Who is the character depicted here? Do you recall the title of the story?







# Photo Caption CONTEST

You may write it on a post card marking it:

## **Photo Caption Contest, CHANDAMAMA**

and mail it to reach us before the 20th of the current month.



MACHIRAJU KAMESWARA RAO

*Can you write a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other?*



N. SUKUMAR

**Congratulations!**

June 2006 Lucky Winner:

**ADITYA PRIYADARSHI**

C/O Rama Chandra Palai  
Salandi Nagar  
Bhadrak, Orissa



## **WINNING ENTRY**

**"GREETING WITH A SALUTE"**  
**"GREETING WITH A SMILE"**

The best entry will receive a Prize of Rs.100 and it will also be published in the issue after the next. Please write your address legibly and add PIN code.

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## TEST YOUR IQ

- | Where is the sun being photographed every day?
  - | Crocodiles are closely related to birds than reptiles! If so, what is their relationship with dinosaurs?
  - | Why is the neck of the camel crooked?
  - | Which is the Cherry Capital of the world?
  - | What is India's national game? Kabaddi? Chadugudu? Check out, you'll be surprised.
  - | Who is considered the 'first warrior' in India's freedom struggle?
  - | How many varieties of orchid can you trace in Manipur?
  - | The crocodile forgets all about his friendship with the monkey, so that he can satisfy his wife. When the monkey knows the truth, he manages to escape. How?
- If you feel you are stumped, don't worry, you'll get all the answers in Junior Chandamama August 2006 issue. Go, grab a copy!

# JUNIOR

CHANDAMAMA

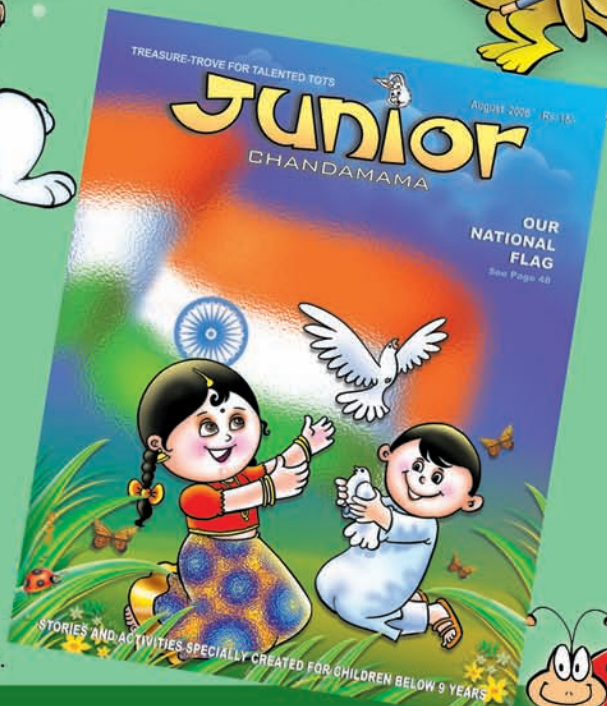
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